

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS, who, like the late Mr. Huxley, has had experience of the bloodless warfare of controversy, will in his next book tell some plain truths about current literature. The volume will be called *Ephemera Critica*, and Mr. Collins has this to say in his preface: "These essays are partly a protest and partly an experiment. As a protest they explain, and, I hope, justify themselves; as an experiment they are an attempt to illustrate what we should be fortunate if we could see more frequently illustrated by abler hands. They are a series of studies in serious, patient, and absolutely impartial criticism, having for its object a comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as of the merits, characteristic of current Belles Lettres."

THOSE who have read Mr. Max Beerbohm's charming "fairy tale for tired men," called "The Happy Hypocrite," will be glad to hear that Mr. Beerbohm has dramatised this trifle, which contains a deal more purpose and intention than many a bulky tome. It will be produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but we have not heard which actor has been cast for the hero, Lord George Hell, who was "proud of being horrid," and whose appearance resembled Caligula with a dash of Falstaff.

MR. J. M. MORRISON is about to issue, through Messrs. Gay & Bird, a translation of the poems of Leopardi. In a modest preface, Mr. Morrison gives a brief account of Leopardi's life, and says:

If it is any justification for one's temerity in attempting what one of our greatest living authorities and critics has pronounced to be a task never likely to be accomplished adequately in our language, may I say that several able renderings of the *canti* have appeared in German, whilst they have been practically ignored with us? It seemed to me strange that England should be left behind in an honest attempt at least to interpret the great Italian classic of the nineteenth century to a wider public in this country than those who can approach him in the original. . . . Of the thirty-four *canti*, ending with "The Genista," that last and most mature and most sublime product of Leopardi's genius, I have omitted three from this translation; two ("Consalvo" and the "Palinode") as being likely to seem of little interest or even trivial to English readers, the third ("On the Marriage of my Sister Pauline") as being, though fine in itself, mainly repetitious of the lofty sentiments and of the fervour and passion of Leopardi's other patriotic odes. . . . I have retained Leopardi's form and metre, employing the same regular, and sometimes intricate, sequences of rhyme wherever he does. Leopardi, however, latterly almost discarded this artificial aid to verse, as if it were a base fetter which impeded the free soaring of his genius.

A LITTLE play was produced on Wednesday night at the Kennington Theatre which should not be overlooked by those who care for that unusual thing, literature on the stage. It is called "Carrots," and is a translation, admirably done by Mr. Alfred Sutro, of Jules Renard's "Poil-de-Carotte." Renard has described himself as

"chasseur d'images," but in this little dramatic experiment he is simply a story-teller, with all the charm and naïveté which has gone from the stage to the short story, such stories as Mary Wilkins, for instance, can write. The thing was a picture, not only because Miss Gertrude Elliott looked "and acted delightfully in it; it presented clear, quaintly-defined types of character; it had truth to nature, and a fresh, youthful humour. "Poil-de-Carotte" is already, in France, a synonym for a particular kind of child, not at all the usual French kind. The little play was received with ready sympathy at Kennington; it is to be hoped that we shall soon be able to see it at a less distant theatre.

MR. ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS seems to have become Lord Rosebery's publisher. After the *Napoleon*, he issues the text of the Rectorial Address at Glasgow, apparently from Lord Rosebery's MS. The address was a fine appeal to the nation, full of arresting and inspiring passages. None better than this on the British Empire:

How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires.

MR. SPOFFORD'S *A Book for All Readers* (Putnam)—with which we have already dealt briefly—is "Designed as an aid to the Collection, Use, and Preservation of Books, and the Formation of Public and Private Libraries." One of the chapters is called "Humours of the Library," from which we make a few extracts:

In a Wisconsin library, a young lady asked for the "Life of National Hawthorne," and the "Autograph on the breakfast table."

Boy's remark on returning a certain juvenile book to the library: "I don't want any more of them books. The girls is all too holy."

Anthology is the study of insects.

Belles lettres are the letters of French writers.

Cicero was known for Latin poetry.

Charlotte Brontë is an American nine-tenth-century children's book.

Hudibras was an early Saxon poem.

Mr. Swinburne once wrote "A Century of Scoundrels."

At last! A new weekly comic paper is announced at the price of a penny. The Editor is Mr. Leslie Wilson, and Sir George Newnes is the publisher. There is room for it.

OF living critics, who is the least likely to be a worshipper of Coventry Patmore? The answer is, of course, Mr. Augustine Birrell. And the *Speaker* has turned Mr. Birrell's mind upon Patmore, with the result that it has been able to print an article at once tactful and racy, kindly and destructive. We print a salient passage:

It would be cruel, and perhaps unfair, to collect from the ample materials Mr. Champneys has placed before us Patmore's testimonials to himself and his depreciations of his contemporaries. He had no doubt of his own consecration—he even conceived he had had lain upon him an injunction from on high, first to be the poet of Wedded Love and next to render into verse that would reach the hearts of men the mystery of the Virgin Mother of God. Whimsical notions of this kind are a true test of genius. If a man can carry them along with his other burdens without injury to his deportment, without allowing them to obscure his outlook or upset the equanimity of his mind, it will not be difficult to pronounce him great. It is for the careful reader of these volumes to say whether Coventry Patmore can stand a test to which he need never have been exposed. If, despite the darkness of our blockheadism, we are compelled to say Aye or No to this question, for our own part, and without an ounce of braggartism, we are sorrowfully compelled to say No! We notice plainly enough the contortions of the Sybil, but the Inspiration we cannot discover. We anxiously await, as from a witness in the box whose evidence is all-important to our case, words of illuminated wisdom, of penetrating thought, something to testify the seer, the thinker; but they never come. The man, as he now stands revealed to us, seems less than his verse. Given the *Angel in the House* and the *Odes*, we should have constructed, had we been bidden to write the poet's life and been unsupplied with any other materials, a very different being, happier, wiser, and more cheerful. As it is, we encounter a man full of protests and complaints, of extravagant opinions and ill-natured comments, without the strength and force of the great combative natures, and destitute of the charm that belongs to those who are quiet, wise, and good.

That is Mr. Birrell's view. We do not share it, and in Mr. Birrell's failure to appreciate Patmore we discern the limitations which enabled him to write down Emerson. We always enjoy Mr. Birrell's criticism because it is alive; but, though alive, and even boisterously so, is it not a trifle flat-footed?

MR. HENLEY tenders Mr. Sidney Lee a qualified apology for his recent assertion that the *Dictionary of National Biography* had excluded the heroes of certain forms of sport. Mr. Lee protested, and Mr. Henley admits that names whose absence he had bewailed in print are actually present in the Dictionary. But he adds: "All the same, having looked into the matter for myself, I cannot but come to the conclusion that, in this matter of sport, the *D.N.B.* has not been altogether so well guided as it might have been. To take the P.R. only: we get Broughton, and Mendoza, and Jackson, and Sayers, and Paddock, and Painter, and Spring. But we do not get men so eminent in their line of life as Slack, nor Hen Pearce, nor the Evanses (*père et fils*), nor Dick Curtis, nor Owen Swift; and, what is worse, we have never a word of either Jem Belcher or Jack Randall—all things considered, the two greatest fighters that ever stripped. So that my apology is offered, and must be accepted, with reservations."

THE New York *Nation* has usually something to say of a great man that is not said in England. It was outspoken on Ruskin; it is outspoken on Max Müller; yet it has done justice to both. Of Max Müller the *Nation* says:

Despite the unsatisfactory nature of much of his later work, Müller was by no means a mere go-between, feeding the public with grain raised by others. It is true that he was somewhat vainglorious and not very scrupulous in the allotment of praise which should be rendered for what was done by others under his supervision. What he constantly

proclaimed to be his own great work, the edition of the "Rig Veda," was in reality not his at all. A German scholar did the work, and Müller appropriated the credit for it. But, even in this case, though the judgment be true, it is harsh. The German scholar was paid for his labour, and did the best he could to circumvent Müller in getting out his *editio prima*. The incident is not altogether creditable to either party, but one thing is certain: there would have been no scholar doing the work at all had not Müller started it. That his hand left the plough and he hired someone else to do willingly what he was unwilling to complete, is a matter of minor importance. Then, again, Müller's "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," published forty years ago, was an independent and thoroughly scholarly book, which has ever since held its own with the first publications in this complex field of investigation.

In his guide to English composition, reviewed in another column, Mr. L. Cope Cornford remarks that French and German teachers have come to the conclusion that the classics may be cheerfully abandoned in favour of the simple plan of teaching boys to express themselves in the language into which they are born. We do not believe that the highest authorities (by whom we mean the most consummate literary artists, and not the most energetic educationalists) hold such an opinion. It is increasingly difficult and unprofitable to keep up classical education, but it is for ever idle to depreciate the effects of Latin and Greek on the mind. In a recent article in the *Paris Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, M. Anatole France has these observations:

I bear a desperate affection for Latin studies. I firmly believe that, without them, the beauty of the French genius is done for. All those of us who have thought somewhat vigorously have learned to think from Latin. I do not exaggerate when I say that that ignorance of Latin is ignorance of the sovereign clearness of expression. All languages are obscure beside Latin. . . . Take "Hamlet"—it is a whole, immense world. I doubt whether anything grander has ever been done. But what do you want a scholar to extract from it? How is he to seize the phantom ideas that are less substantial than the wandering phantom of the Eleanore esplanade? How is he to obtain clearness out of the chaos of images as uncertain as the clouds whose changing forms the young visionary shows to Polonius? The whole English literature, so poetic and so profound, offers similar complexity and similar confusion. . . . Now, open the histories of Titus Livy. There everything is well-ordered, lucid, simple. He is not a profound genius; he is a perfect pedagogue. He never troubles us; but how logically he thinks! How easy it is to explain his ideas, to examine each part separately and show its relation to the whole! This in regard to form. As to content, what do we find there? Lessons in courage, in devotion, in worship of ancestors, in the cult of fatherland. Here is a true classic! I speak not of the Greeks. They are the flower and the perfume. They have more than virtue; they have taste. I mean that sovereign taste, that harmony which is begotten of wisdom.

MEANWHILE it is true, as M. France himself admits, that the abandonment of the classics grows more complete. Not Latin felicities of speech but Anglo-Saxon felicities of slang are mingling with the academic French of to-day. We can understand this. To an imaginative Frenchman the acquisition of a racy English word, which he knows is understood in the East, in the West, on every sea, and in every port, must bring a sense of exaltation. Hence the English "hall" is ousting the French "antichambre," and the English lunch is eaten instead of "déjeuner." "Un vigoureux shake-hands" occurs in a new French novel, and even such expressions as "to boss" and "to give 'em beans" contribute to the growing anglicisation of French.



"I must write another time of other books and plays," says Mr. G. S. Street in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but straightway adds: "Another time—alas! no. This is the last *causerie*—confound that word for the last time!—I shall write in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. I hope you have not been too dreadfully bored." No, we have not been bored. Why this hegira?

In reply to an inquiry we inserted last week a correspondent writes: "The lines

Richard Steele praised him, and cold, stately 'Atticus,'  
Old Rowley lean'd on Tom's shoulder, our King!  
D'Urfey who mock'd all the noisy, fanatic fuss,  
Plot bigots moved him to jest and to sing,

are extracted from an 'Impromptu' consisting of twenty-two lines addressed to the writer when he left Exeter (the city of D'Urfey's birth), some dozen years ago, by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, Vicar of Molash, by Ashford, Kent, who is the author likewise of the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I have the original MS. inserted in my copy of Mr. Ebsworth's fascinating *Cavalier Lyrics for Church and Crown*, 1887. The printed lines vary somewhat from those in the original MS.; in the latter they run thus:

Addison praised him, the chill, stately 'Atticus,'  
'Old Rowley' lean'd on Tom's shoulder, our King!  
D'Urfey who mock'd all the noisy, erratic fuss,  
Plot bigots moved him to jest and to sing."

"I FEEL creeping over me the conviction that it is indispensable to life, that it supersedes all other sources of information, and in future the *sine quâ non* of a library will be the possession of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." Lord Rosebery spoke these words in a vein of banter at Edinburgh last Saturday afternoon, but we have no doubt that his words have most effectually advertised the *Encyclopædia*. A shrewd business man remarked that the speech was worth £10,000 to the present promoters of that work. The promised *Supplement*, by the way, is likely to run to six or seven volumes, and perhaps more. The editor is Mr. W. H. Chisholm.

EVERYONE with a love of biography and a taste for succulent foot-notes will welcome Dr. George Birkbeck Hill's edition of *The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon*. We shall deal with the book in due course, quoting here only the first striking words of Dr. Hill's Preface. "If, as Dr. Johnson said, there had been only three books 'written by man that were wished longer by their readers,' the eighteenth century was not to draw to its close without seeing a fourth added. With *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Autobiography of Edward Gibbon* was henceforth to rank as 'a work whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow such as the traveller casts upon departing day.'" One disappointment, at least, Dr. Hill has suffered in the discharge of his task:

I discovered with real regret in the course of my reading that two passages that throw a charm over the genealogies with which the autobiography opens had been proved to be mere illusions. To that pride of descent "from a patron and martyr of learning," which Gibbon felt as "a man of letters," he had no just claim. More than a hundred years ago Sir Egerton Brydges showed that the historian was not sprung from the Baron Say and Seile who was murdered by Jack Cade for the crime of "erecting a grammar school," and "building a paper mill contrary to the king, his crown and dignity." In our own day Mr. J. H. Round has, at a blow, demolished the fabric by which Henry Fielding and his kinsmen, the Earls of Denbigh, were made "the brethren" of "the successors of Charles the Fifth."

HOLGER DRACHMANN is a name unknown to the ordinary English reader. It is borne, nevertheless, by a dis-

tinguished Danish poet and dramatist, to whom English men of letters are about to do honour. A dinner at the Carlton Hotel, at which Holger Drachmann will be the guest of the evening and Mr. Edmund Gosse the chairman, has been arranged for the 30th inst.

THE Irish Texts Society, formed, it will be remembered, in 1898, is pursuing its work in a healthful frame of mind. The next volume to be issued by the Society is a complete collection of the poems of Egan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with introduction, glossary, and notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from MSS. in Maynooth College, by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October next at latest. Good progress has been made in the compilation of the Society's Irish-English, English-Irish Dictionary, which will be issued in pocket size.

IN our correspondence columns will be found another letter on the origin of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." As Mr. Hare's anecdote has evoked criticism, we will give another from his pages which may pass unscathed. Under date October 8, 1877, Mr. Hare recounts a meeting with Tennyson at Haslemere.

He asked if I would like to go out, and we walked round the gardens. By way of breaking the silence I said: "How fine your arbûtes is." "Well, I would say arbûtes," he answered, "otherwise you are as bad as the gardeners, who say Clemätis." When we returned to the house, Hallam Tennyson brought in his mother very tenderly, and put her on a sofa. She is a very sweet-looking woman, with "the glittering blue eyes" which fascinated Carlyle, and a lady-abbess look from her head-dress—a kind of veil. Mrs. Greville revealed that she had broken her promise of not repeating an unpublished poem of Tennyson's by reciting it to Mr. Carlyle, who said: "But did Alfred give you leave to say it?" and Tennyson said: "You are the wickedest old woman I ever met with: it is most profligate conduct"—and he half-meant it too. Tennyson then insisted that I should tell him some stories. I did not like it, but found it was no use to resist—I should have to do it in the end. He asked for "a village tragedy," so I told him the story of Caroline Crowhurst: he said he should write it in a play or a poem. Then I told him the stories of Mademoiselle von Raasloff and of Croglin Grange. He was atrociously bad audience, and constantly interrupted with questions. He himself repeated a little story, which Mr. Greene, of the *English History*, had told him—of a man who felt that his fiddle, to which he was devoted, was the source of temptation to him by leading him to taverns, where he got drunk. On the Mississippi River, he said, he heard a voice saying to him that he must destroy the fiddle; so he went down, kissed the fiddle, and then broke it to pieces. "I put in that kiss," said Tennyson, "because I thought it sounded better."

WE are tempted also to appropriate an anecdote of a day in 1874. Mr. Hare says:

I went to luncheon at Lady Castletown's; she was not come in from church, but I went up into the drawing-room. A good-looking, very smart young lady was sitting there, with her back to the window, evidently waiting also. After a pause, I made some stupid remark to her about heat, or cold, &c. She looked at me, and said, "That is a very commonplace remark. I'll make a remark. If a woman does not marry she is nobody at all, nothing at all in the world; but if a man marries at all he is an absolute fool." I said, "I know who you are; no one but Miss Rhoda Broughton would have said that." And it was she.

THE late Mr. Thomas Arnold, brother of Matthew Arnold, devoted the later years of his life to the teaching of English Literature at Dublin University, and he was the author of a *Manual of English Literature*, and *Chaucer to Wordsworth: a Short History of English Literature*. A new edition of the latter work is now issued by Mr. Thomas Murby, of Ludgate Circus Buildings. The book is of moderate size, and well arranged and indexed.

FROM San Francisco we hear a voice crying:

A steamer is pointing its high, sharp prow to the open sea,  
A tug pants by with deep-voiced cry blown far and free;  
At the docks is a forest of masts with a maze of cordage  
and spars,  
And the flags of the nations are fluttering there 'mid the  
stripes and the stars.

The voice is that of Charles Keeler, whose *Idylls of El Dorado* are fuller of the new America than of the old poetry.

## Bibliographical.

REALLY there ought to be some protection for the illustrious dead. Here is the Elizabethan Stage Society announcing a dramatisation of *Marmion*, which is to be enacted in costume in a lecture theatre, with songs and choruses, and illustrations by the aid of lantern slides! Poor Sir Walter! He has suffered much over *Marmion*. That the poem should have been "dramatised" at least twice in America is bad enough; but in 1848 it fell into the hands of Edward Fitzball, of melodramatic memory, who transferred it, "in three acts," to the boards of Astley's, where it shone for a time with the aid of "equestrian spectacle" and "comic underplot"! Much more worthy treatment was accorded to the poem nine years ago in Glasgow, where an adaptation of it by Mr. Robert Buchanan was put upon the stage, to the accompaniment of music by Sir A. C. Mackenzie and brilliant scenery by Edmund Glover. I am afraid, however, that even Mr. Buchanan's "*Marmion*" has not secured permanence on the Scottish boards or any other.

Mr. Max Pemberton has done good service by recalling the fact that it was Sir Wemyss Reid who gave the first impulse to the present Brontë movement. It is, indeed, twenty-three years since Sir Wemyss brought out his work on Charlotte Brontë. This was followed, in the same year (1877), by Mr. Swinburne's eloquent *Note* on the same subject—a book running to only ninety-seven thinly-filled pages, but eminently characteristic of its author, who, in his opening sentence, described Sir Wemyss's book as "the priceless contribution to our knowledge of one of the greatest among women, for which the thanks of all students who have at heart the honour of English literature are due to Mr. Wemyss Reid." The *Note*, by the way, was dedicated "To my friend, Theodore Watts."

Mr. Arthur Lawrence, who is to write a *Life of Sims Reeves*, is already known as the author of a biographical sketch of Sir Arthur Sullivan. No doubt he will make good use of his material, such as it may be. It is of the operative career of Reeves that the accounts have hitherto been so meagre. Mr. Sutherland Edwards published in 1881 a memoir of *The Life and Artistic Career of Sims Reeves*, but it was a very slight performance. Better than this was Mr. Reeves's own book of *Recollections*, issued in 1888, followed up as it was, next year, by another narrative, entitled *My Jubilee; or, Fifty Years of Artistic Life*. Unhappily, the reminiscences of public favourites are apt to take, in print, a very vague form—though it is only fair to remember that Mr. Santley's Autobiography made a substantial and acceptable volume.

The announcement of a book of parodies by the Rev. Anthony C. Deane—*New Rhymes for Old*—reminds me, as no doubt it has reminded others, that we possess no satisfactory anthology of rhythmical travesty. Mr. Walter Hamilton made, with great industry, a big collection of parodies in verse, but it was in no sense an anthology: rather was it, simply, the materials for one. Travesty is not difficult, and there are in the world a tremendous number of bad parodies, for which no condemnation is too strong; but a selection of such things, made with a keen sense not only of humour but of literary finish, would be a very welcome addition to our libraries. Who will essay the task? Why not Mr. "A. T. Q. C."—of present-day parodists "one of the best"?

We are to have from Mr. John Davidson, in book form, a new drama in verse, which he is going to call *Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy*. This, we are told, was commissioned by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. Will it ever be enacted? Mr. Davidson is pathetically true to the "poetic drama." I have on my shelves his *Godfrida*, bearing date 1898; also his *Plays* (1894), containing five pieces: *Bruce* (1886), *Smith* (1888), and *An Unhistorical Pastoral, A Romantic Farce*, and *Scaramouch in Mazos* (1889)—all printed for the first time on the dates named. And, meanwhile, the only work of his that has been actually performed is his verse-translation of Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*. Such is the irony of life.

We are promised, in the "Westminster Biographies," a miniature memoir of George Eliot, by Miss Clara Thomson; and, in the "Beacon Biographies," a little life of Edwin Booth, the actor. Both, no doubt, will find readers on account of their succinctness and handiness. Of Booth we have already the biographies by Mrs. Clarke, Mr. William Winter, and Mr. Laurence Hutton, not to mention the book of *Recollections* by Mrs. Grossmann. The "official" life of George Eliot, by Mr. Cross, is a little bulky; but Mr. G. W. Cooke's "Study" is within reasonable limits, and the memoir by Miss Blind is comparatively slight. Both of the last-named date from 1883.

It is, of course, by "The Church's One Foundation" that the late Rev. S. J. Stone will be popularly remembered. The hymn is an excellent one, and deserves its vogue. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Stone's volumes of verse will not be wholly neglected by this and the coming generations. There is some good work, not only in *The Knight of Intercession, and Other Poems*, but also in the more recent *Lay of Iona, and Other Poems* (1897). Mr. Stone wrote, I believe, "a village idyll," called *Deare Childs*; but with that book I am not acquainted.

I see Messrs. Bell & Sons announce a shilling edition, in paper covers, of Calverley's *Verses and Translations*. Could they not see their way to give us an edition of Calverley's verse-work, complete in one volume? The *Verses* and the *Flyleaves* have been published together; but to these should be added the *Translations* and the *Literary Remains*, with Sir Walter Sendall's memoir by way of preface. The time for bringing Calverley's literary products together, in cheap and handy shape, seems to have arrived.

A bibliographical interest attaches to Mrs. Clifford's play, *The Likeness of the Night*, as published by Messrs. Black on Tuesday. This, it appears, is not absolutely identical with the play so named printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* for March. The drama issued by Messrs. Black consists of the original text "considerably altered and added to" by the authoress, at the request of Mr. W. H. Kendal. The version in book form is, in other words, the "acting" version.

In connexion with the new American magazine called *Good Cheer*, no further notice seems to have been taken of the fact that *Good Cheer* has always been the title of the Christmas number of *Good Words*.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Another Converted Decadent.

*Œuvres Complètes de Paul Charles Joseph Bourget.* Tomes I.-III. (Paris: Plon Nourrit & Cie. 8 fr. each Vol.)

MONSIEUR BOURGET has taken the wise step—more common, perhaps, in England than in France—of issuing during his lifetime a “complete” collection of his own writings, with such corrections and explanations as he thinks they require. The only objection to this course is that the collection will probably never be absolutely complete during the author’s lifetime, and as M. Bourget is still some years off fifty, we hope he will add many volumes to the three before us. These last are made up of two volumes of the critical essays that first established his reputation, and one of novels, comprising *Cruelle Enigme*, *Crime d’Amour*, and *André Cornélis*. As these are not his earliest efforts in romance, we gather that he considers them the most typical of his early manner, or in other ways best suited to his new readers. They are excellently produced, with all the pomp of large paper and good printing that we here associate with a library edition, and the *clou* of the series is supplied by the preface, in which M. Bourget declares his conviction that for the moral diseases of France, as regards both society and its individual members, “Christianity is at the present moment the sole and necessary condition of health or cure.” When this was published last year it excited much hostile comment in the Paris Press, which prides itself upon being, above all things, Voltairian, and it was said in many quarters that M. Bourget had, since his election to the *Académie*, gone back on his former professions. The attack was renewed when, in his last published volume, he claimed to have established the fact that in “every series of observations upon human life everything occurs as if Christianity were the truth.” But the attack then changed its form, and it was said that if M. Bourget has become a Christian, he has no right to republish such books as he is now doing.

As to the first of these charges, it may be said at once that, even if it were proved, it would give no ground of offence to reasonable people. A man who violently attacks opinions that he has once violently asserted does, indeed, prove himself to be an unsafe guide for the future; but M. Bourget has much too gentle and refined a spirit to be violent one way or the other. Although, at his entry into the world of letters, he found himself called upon to lament his inability to believe, he is perhaps nearer the truth than he is aware of when he describes this attitude of mind as one not of negation but of expectation. M. Bourget, like most mystics, wears two faces under his hood; and while he thinks that the reasonable side of him rejects as a myth “the pale face of the Crucified One” that he learnt to adore in his youth, the stronger or sentimental side aches with what one of his critics calls “a bitter homesickness for religious faith.” Hence his conversion—if conversion it be—should surprise no one but himself, and the seeds of it have for a long time been pointed out by the more clear-sighted of his critics. Thus, M. Doumic, writing in 1894, pointed out that M. Bourget’s “religion of human suffering” was really “a Christianity timid and inefficacious”; and, while noting the change that had come over the spirit of his writings, claimed that his genius was “evolving in the direction of a doctrine more and more positive, and altogether bordering on Christianity.” And this tendency is one of those things which appear more plainly when looked at from a distance. Hence it is perhaps less plain to his French than to his English readers, to whom, as he himself said of Renan, “the self-styled rebel appears in his true light as a deeply and intimately religious thinker.”

In making the second charge—which means, if it means anything, that a writer who is also a Christian should

not publish anything with an immoral tendency—its authors have, perhaps, been led by hostility to the accused into paying a higher compliment to Christianity than they perhaps wish to do. In England, where centuries of Puritanism have managed, at any rate, to drive the grosser forms of immorality beneath the surface, no one professing any form of religion could hope to be taken seriously unless he used the most jealous care in keeping his page clean. But on the Continent this has not always been so. Boccaccio, the commentator of Dante, as well as author of the *Decameron*, was, no doubt, a sincerely religious man; Rabelais, though on slighter grounds, has been claimed by most English writers as another; Balzac professed the Christian faith at a time when reactionaries vied with republicans in denying it; yet all three had abundant reason to regret with Chaucer on his death-bed that they had written so much ribaldry. M. Bourget might therefore plead in justification that, as one of his characters would have said: “That which is of the flesh is flesh, and that which is of the spirit is spirit”; and that the profession of the most sublime of religions does not hinder a man from calling a spade a spade in treating of contemporary manners. But he has not done so, and it will, therefore, be as well to let the three novels he has now reprinted speak for themselves. In *Cruelle Enigme* we have the story of a fatherless boy brought up by his mother and grandmother in a state of innocence. In due time he falls a prey to a married Delilah, who takes him with her to Folkestone. He thereby causes the two protectors of his youth the cruellest grief, arising, as is expressly said, as much by their fears for his soul as for his worldly future, and he suffers the same pangs himself when convinced by an old friend of the family of his mistress’s innate infidelity. Then he again meets his love and again falls, taking from the affectionate souls who live only for him their last gleam of comfort. Why love should cause so much suffering is the enigma that the book propounds.

*Crime d’Amour* advances us a little in the solution of the problem. A woman, beautiful and sensitive, is married to a worthy being who thinks that he best shows his affection for her by working for her and their child. Mistaking this devotion for neglect, she falls a victim to the friend of the house, the husband’s schoolfellow, a lady-killer, who has taken to seduction to enable him to forget his rather lackadaisical conviction of the hollowness of existence. The husband, gaining some inkling of the state of affairs, successfully appeals to the other’s better feelings; and the lover, already beginning to tire of his new conquest, breaks off the connexion by accusing his mistress of unfaithfulness with an officer who has lyngly boasted of her favour. At first, in frenzy, she justifies the accusation; but after an illness that follows upon her distracted condition, she sees that it is her duty to live henceforth for her husband and child. She therefore forgives her seducer his love crime, and he feels, for the first time, that “something has sprung up within him through which he can always find reasons for living and acting—the religion of human suffering.”

In *André Cornélis* we have the same three persons of the drama with a difference. Here, again, the husband is a self-made man, who has married above him and has failed to gain the love of his beautiful and accomplished wife; but she is incapable of the depth of feeling of her erring sister in *Crime d’Amour*, and will not yield to her lover until she can do so lawfully. Consequently, the lover is obliged to have the husband, whose suspicions have already made him weary of life, taken out of the way, and then marries the unconscious widow. Her son, then a mere child, grows up with the secret resolve to avenge his father’s death, and circumstances soon led him to fix the guilt upon his step-father. The life of the latter, persecuted by remorse, becomes in its turn a hell, until at length he is stabbed by the son, and contrives in his

agony to scrawl a few words to his wife causing her to think of his death as a suicide, while the son's revenge becomes ashes in his mouth.

We entirely fail to see how these three tales justify the charge of immorality. M. Bourget does not write for maidens and children, but he is too true an artist to deal in sensuality for its own sake, and there is not a description in these three stories that could rouse the passions of the most imaginative boot-boy. That the occurrences he depicts actually happen, would be forced upon the knowledge of every adult by the reports of cases in the divorce and police-courts, even if they did not form the plot of nine-tenths of the novels and plays of Republican France as of early Georgian England. But he does not attempt to make vice attractive, and had he written his stories with the express purpose of illustrating the axiom that "lawless love is guilt above," he could hardly have done so more forcibly than by the fate which he here brings down upon the heads of his guilty lovers. As he himself says in his slightly precious way, the commands "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and "Thou shalt not covet," might be written as epigraph to much of his work, and the danger of giving rein to the passions is marked in every line. Except in the choice of a subject, which the peculiarity of the national taste in some sort forces upon the French romancer who would make himself heard, could any tract writer do more?

This does not blind us to the fact that M. Bourget has written other tales less edifying than these; but when he republishes them it will be time to deal with them. Nor do we attempt to palliate the pessimism apparent in certain of his writings which gives them, in our judgment, an unhealthy tone. This seems to be due to the pose, whether natural or affected, adopted by the admirers of Baudelaire, and known as "Décadence"—a phrase which M. Bourget has explained as the weariness of life felt by those natures whose over-sensitiveness unfits them for the struggle for life under the conditions of modern civilisation. Like other sufferers from nervous disease, a *décadent* generally treats his excessive sensibility as a possession in which he should take an honest pride, and the contemplation of it soon leads him to prefer morbid self-analysis to any attempt to do his duty to those about him. Most of M. Bourget's characters suffer from this failing; and, if we may be so impertinent as to see the artist in his work, we should say that the pessimistic side of their creator may be traced to a childhood passed in *lycées*, where he was as unhappy as many sensitive boys are at school, and an adolescence spent under the shadow of the Commune. That he has taken the most effective way of curing himself of this by his return to the Church will be the opinion of most of his readers, and we trust that, like his fellow *décadent*, M. Huysmans among the Benedictines, he may find rest for his soul.

### A Nation that Was.

*The North American Indians of To-Day.* By George Bird Grinnell, Ph.D. Illustrated. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 21s. net.)

THOSE of us who are old enough to have been brought up in familiarity with Leather-Stocking and Chingachgook and the romantic, but unconvincing, Uncas—that Raoul de Bragelonne of the American cycle—will be reminded by Dr. Grinnell's volume of the sad conversion that changed the chivalrous and high-minded Mohican (no reader of Fenimore Cooper can consent to "Mohegan") into a melancholy, resigned and bewildered nominal Christian, known as Indian John. The portrait was probably drawn from life, and appears to remain sadly true. Chingachgook has ceased to be a warrior, and has not yet succeeded in becoming a prosperous citizen. As we read this careful

analysis of tribes and reservations, an image gradually takes shape before us of noble elements wasting away, of vitality sapped, patience, willingness, and industry coming somehow to nothing; of a race full of intelligence, poetry and generosity, standing sad and perplexed, before the oncoming of a great social machine, the course of which no goodwill, either of white man or of red, avails to turn aside.

That is the first impression; but as we read again, and as we study the fifty-eight large portraits, we begin to differentiate and to perceive that the Indian problem is not single. To think of the future of all Indians together is like thinking of the future of Europe. For practical purposes we consider rather the future of the separate nations. The 262,965 Indians now under the tutelage of the United States Government represent probably at least as many nations as have gone to make up the inhabitants of our own continent. "The linguistic families of North America number fifty-nine and represent over eight hundred tribes." Among these varied tribes and families exist racial differences almost as well marked as those that divide the Russian peasant from our town artisan. The fifty-eight portraits show not only distinct varieties of type, but distinct degrees of development. The Apaches, in particular, have a cast of features that recalls the leaner old Roman type, of which modern representatives may not rarely be found in Scotland, and of which General Wauchope was a fine example. Naiche, who wears the uniform, presumably, of a United States scout, and two medals, might pass for a Scotch sergeant, or, for that matter, a Scotch general; Bartelda, of the same Apache tribe, suggests the profile portrait of the young Napoleon as a lieutenant. An Apache of another tribe, Henry Wilson, might have been photographed from some early Florentine fresco: Masaccio must have looked very much like him. Some of the Sioux (including Crows) and Flatheads (who were so called not because they artificially flattened their heads, but because, unlike some of their neighbours, they abstained from artificially making them pointed) have countenances that would stand out with distinction in any collection of European portraits. Swift Dog, of the Standing Rock Sioux, has a false air of Savonarola masquerading in the panoply of an Indian brave. On the other hand, there are heads among other tribes very much less pleasant to contemplate. Some of the Assiniboines, for example, if the portraits given are in any degree typical, would evidently require some centuries to bring them to the level of modern civilisation at its poorest.

An examination of Dr. Grinnell's detailed analysis tends to confirm the impression produced by the portraits. "All the Apaches . . . are energetic and industrious, eager to work, provided only there is a promise of reward for labour." "Many of the Flatheads are well-to-do, possessing good herds of cattle and horses, fenced farms, fairly good houses, and raising crops of grain and hay, good gardens and perhaps a little fruit." On the same reservation and under the same management as these prosperous Flatheads are to be found Kutenais, belonging to a different race and a different stage of development, who "still support themselves by hunting and fishing and by the wild roots and fruits which they gather in their seasons." Various branches of Sioux seem to do well when well managed; but it is sad to read of that fine Sioux tribe, the Crows, that "they have been badly handled in the past and are rapidly dying off." The Iroquois, again, were a fine race both physically and mentally, and well advanced on the way to civilisation, "living in permanent villages, whose houses were built of logs and which were fortified with palisades. They cultivated great fields of corn, beans and tobacco, raising each year more than they could consume," and they had a system of recording their songs and stories by belts and strings of wampum in which the arrangement and design of the beads was related to the narration. They were noted for their fierceness in war,



but they formed a league, under Hiawatha, in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the total abolition of war. It is curious to recollect that Henry the Fourth of France was, about the same time, laying a similar scheme before Queen Elizabeth. Up to thirty years ago the Iroquois do not seem to have deteriorated. "Dr. Brinton has told us that 'the five companies (500 men) recruited from the Iroquois of New York and Canada during our own Civil War stood first of the list among all the recruits of our army for height, vigour and corporal symmetry.'" Now, however, most of the Iroquois governed by the New York Agency seem to be progressing very slowly, if at all. But the Oneidas of the same stock at Green Valley, in Wisconsin, seem to be doing particularly well; nearly all talk English, are regular church-goers, recognise the importance of education for their children, and are, in fact as well as in theory, American citizens who vote at all elections and "cast their ballots as intelligently as their white neighbours."

The health of the Indians is in many cases very unsatisfactory; in part, no doubt, because they have been taught to live in houses before they had attained enough knowledge and civilisation to keep those houses healthy. With them, as with the Highlanders, whom in many ways they so much resemble, consumption is the chief cause of death, though epidemics, especially measles, seem to claim a considerable percentage. Probably the health, hardly less than the happiness and prosperity, of an Indian depends principally upon the character of the autocrat who, under the name of an agent, rules over him. Practically the agent can do exactly what he pleases with his subjects. "If he thinks best, he can cut off their supply of food at an hour's notice; he can shut up in the guard-house any man whom he chooses, can divorce any couple, can deprive anyone of his tools or stock or house. Over a white man married to an Indian woman he has the same power, and, in addition, he may expel him from the reservation or confine him in the guard-house for an indefinite period." Nor are the men entrusted with these vast powers always carefully chosen: "For many years the officials sent out to the various agencies . . . were usually . . . minor politicians 'out of a job.'" As the post of agent is "exceedingly ill-paid," it is not strange that many agents made dishonest profits. Moreover, the fatal American custom of making appointments political, causes agents to be liable to lose their appointment at the end of four years, and to be replaced by a man who possesses no experience, and is a stranger to the Indians. All these things, much as they are to be regretted, yet set the Indian problem in rather more hopeful a light. If, under circumstances so singularly calculated to impede advance, there has been a distinct, though slow, progress, what progress might not be hoped for under management more enlightened and more consecutive? The American nation cannot afford to lose the elements of nobility, endurance, and loyalty that belong to the Indian race—a race, moreover, which, unlike that of the negroes, mingles well with that of the whites.

Nor is it the American nation alone which has a duty towards Indian fellow-subjects. In Canada also there are Indians to the number of some 100,000. To these, who lie beyond the scope of his survey, Dr. Grinnell gives but a couple of paragraphs, just enough to make us fear that the Canadian Government has done little or no better than that of the United States. The health of the Indians in Canada is equally unsatisfactory; their numbers are about stationary, but show a small decrease in the last year recorded. How many of the millions of Englishmen who know the Indians of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper have even a suspicion that more than 100,000 descendants of them owe allegiance to the Queen of England? Surely, here is a fresh and interesting field of inquiry for some travelling Briton. Will not some writer of our nation arise to do for the Canadian Indians what Dr. Grinnell has done for those of the United States?

## An Honoured Woman.

*Emma Marshall: a Biographical Sketch.* By Beatrice Marshall. (Seeley & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

Mrs. MARSHALL, her daughter informs us, was the author of nearly two hundred volumes. She was born in 1830 at Norwich, being related to the great banking family of Gurneys, but it was not till she had reached the age of thirty years, was married and had a family, that she began to write, so that between 1861 and 1899 she must have published at the average rate of a volume every ten weeks. Yet Miss Marshall tells us that her mother's literary work was always secondary to her domestic duties. Such productiveness, such sustained industry, were worthy of Dumas. The fame of Mrs. Marshall may not long survive her death; but it is an indubitable fact that a number of distinguished figures in literature thought highly of her historical and other tales. Among these were Longfellow, John Addington Symonds, and John Nichol. With Longfellow she corresponded pretty regularly, and his letters to her, printed in the biography, are full of kindly appreciation. He wrote once: "I have all your novels ranged together in a bookcase in my bedroom, so that I can see them every day, and now and then read a page or two in them, and refresh my memory with something pleasant coming from you."

The letters from John Addington Symonds are very interesting. Here is a passage:

I have been working much too hard lately: two volumes of the Renaissance in Italy, a life of Jonson, a life of Sidney, and one or two minor pieces, all going at the same time. I feel so much uncertainty about the future of things in England and Europe at large that I should like to make my literature a breadwinning industry. But what I write does not get so well paid as what you do, and you know too well how trying it is to write for money.

What he thought of Mrs. Marshall's fiction is shown in a letter dated from Davos Platz in 1883:

All my boyhood and young manhood, and all the noble memories of the best of fathers, came over me in one melodious chime evoked by an honoured woman's hand. I have always regarded you, if you will permit me at this moment of deeply stirred sincerity to say the simple truth, as one of the brightest ornaments of literature applied to pure and healthful purpose for the youth of England, applied also to the uses of the home by one who has worked for her loved ones.

Mrs. Marshall's most outspoken, and perhaps most valuable, critic was John Nichol. Writing of her *In the East Country* (a novel which introduces Sir Thomas Browne), he says:

I have now read through your book with much pleasure and admiration, tempered by some lack of sympathy for one of your heroes, . . . your Puritan Andrew. . . . The longer I live, the less I agree with Puritan theology or, with what concerns us more nearly, Puritan views of this life. . . . They, and some of your former people too, . . . start with the idea that enjoyment is, in itself, an evil thing; whereas I hold with Plato, that pleasure, including spiritual exaltation, or artistic, mental, and even physical delight, is, in itself, a good, and only hurtful when in excess. . . . You talk of Andrew's *self-sacrifice*, a noble thing for a noble end, but, in *itself*, . . . a mere Western Juggernaut. In your Andrews, and all, male and female, of the same type, it is wholly marred by its indissoluble marriage with self-sufficiency, self-righteousness, and self-glorification. If there be a future world, I expect to find Aspasia, and even Ninon de l'Enclos, in as good seats as any of the Fifth Monarchy men. . . . Excuse this outbreak.

With his usual brusque acumen, John Nichol had certainly laid his finger firmly on the weak spot in all those two hundred volumes. For the rest, Mrs. Marshall was a conscientious and sincere craftswoman. Talent she decidedly had, of a quiet, modest kind. Like Mrs.

Oliphant, she laboured hard for the children's sake, and proved brilliantly that the "literary character" need not always be what Benjamin Disraeli said it was. In the five cathedral cities of England in which she lived she did what she could towards the spread of tolerance and enlightenment. Miss Marshall relates that once, when the services of Prof. Sylvanus Thompson had been engaged for a series of science lectures at Gloucester, the use of the room was curtly refused, and her mother charged with attempting "to take the bread out of a fellow-citizen's mouth to put it into an outsider's."

Mr. Marshall's career was remarkably even and uneventful. It called for just such a brief and discreet biography as Miss Beatrice Marshall has written. The book (which is illustrated) is a very favourable specimen of its kind. The one fault of it is the style, which is stilted. The author, no doubt, was unduly oppressed by a pious sense of the dignity and sacredness of her task. It is a pity, for Miss Marshall has quite an attractive style of her own, though there is no trace of it in the present volume.

### Mental Crochet-Work.

*Roses of Pæstrum.* By Edward McCurdy. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

ASSUREDLY it were not hard to make a book about Pæstrum—Pæstrum celebrated in the verse of Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Claudian; Pæstrum fragrant yet with remembrance of roses that granted two summers to the Pæstrum year. Under the inspiration of those gaunt Doric columns of dismantled temples, such as are seen in old John Berkenhout's work, Pæstrum sheds a glamour surpassing that of any Italian rose, save the white rose in whose image Dante tells us that Paradise is shaped, the glamour of a mighty race hardly to be more clearly distinguished in Modern Greece than in this Dorian city by the sea. Pæstrum, and its god Poseidon, whose white horses could not save it from Lucanians, Saracens, and that pious vandal, Robert Guiscard, deserves to enlist an epic poet, to say nothing of a vagrant essayist, in its service.

But Mr. McCurdy goes to Pæstrum for little save his title. His essays, which treat of Italy and the "medieval spirit," may be denominated mental crochet-work; they are made up of little elegancies, deftly fashioned in a piece; yet porous withal, and not free from the affected sentiment which is obscurely known as "preciousness." The first symptom of this delicate malady appears in the preface, where we are assured that "now that the leaves" of Mr. McCurdy's book "are all placed together" he knows that "they are but wind-flowers." If they only were!

But though they are not wind-flowers, they reveal a mind which, even if we measure it against one of the fluted pillars of a Pæstrum ruin, is something more than dapper.

Dante's love-story is related with simple charm, and it was a happy thought to compare it with that told in "Aucassin and Nicolette."

How virile the song-story, how dreamlike the book of the new life. For in "Aucassin and Nicolette" the minstrel sings of the love that "many waters cannot quench, love more potent than desire to be dubbed knight or follow tourneys, more potent, too, than threats of hell and hopes of Paradise." . . . In the "Vita Nuova" the lover is pale and protesting, prone alike to verse and tears, to hold colloquies with love, and to call on passers-by for pity, but shrinking from rather than seeking contact with the lady; and the lady, she is gentle, pitiful, but yet a shadow—she glides silently across our path of vision, she is robed in red or in white, she is attended by one or more other ladies; a word, a gentle look, and she has passed by,

and we only see the lover repining in solitude, or writing verses to other ladies in order to veil the identity of his love.

It is a mind of no ordinary sensibility which perceives, as our author does, the injustice done to antiquity by the ruthless stripping away of Nature's "girdle of beauty" by too zealous conservators. Respecting the Baths of Caracalla, he writes that the glades and thickets, mentioned by Shelley, "are there no longer. No glint of colour in the arches. Their dull red is arid and bare as the sand beneath them. There is nothing to . . . hinder the realisation of the fact that these were once baths and are dust baths still."

On the whole, this is a nice little book, despite the crochet-work and the irritating preciosities of Mr. McCurdy's style.

### Other New Books.

THE BIBLE TRUE FROM THE BEGINNING.

VOL. VII.

BY THE REV. E. GOUGH.

Some centuries ago there was a certain Cardinal Cajetan, or Cajetano, who thought, like St. Thomas Aquinas, that Christianity should be defended with the weapons of reason as well as with those of faith. As he flourished during the Revival of Learning, he found that the stories in Genesis were a little hard to swallow in their literal sense, and he accordingly wrote a book explaining them away as allegories. The book was received with the respect due to anything emanating from the pen of a prince of the Church, and the Roman Court were a great deal too wise to hint at even a suspicion of its unorthodoxy. Yet it never, so far as we know, confirmed in the faith a single waverer, and is now as completely forgotten as the maunderings of the prophet Brothers.

Not otherwise does Mr. Gough proceed. To every alleged instance of immoral teaching, self-contradiction, or downright absurdity taken from the Bible he has but one answer—allegory. In this volume, wherein he reaches the great event round which the whole of Christianity centres—viz., the Crucifixion—he explains away the clear and simple narrative of the Gospel in the same manner. Herod is Fleshly Glory, Pilate is the Military Power, and Jesus is the Truth. Hence, when the Bible says that Pilate delivered Jesus to the priests, it means that "the Military Power gives up the Outer Christ who is in Faithful Preachers" to the Judaisers. Hence it is idle to look for the site of Golgotha, which, as he broadly hints, never existed, and we need not trouble ourselves with the fact that the darkening of the sun mentioned in the Gospel is not referred to by profane writers. If the murder of Jesus was, as the author says, "a spiritual killing," what is the use of hunting for evidence of an historical one?

*Ex pede Herculem.* If the reader is inclined to this sort of stuff, he will find here plenty of it, for the work is to extend to eight volumes. For our part, we think Philo handled the allegorical method with more intelligence and at less length for the Old Testament, and that the Gnostic authors, from whom Mr. Gough quotes largely, were, at least, as good guides as he through the New. Perhaps the oddest thing about the book is that its author should still be, as we gather from his title-page that he is, a Congregational minister. (Kegan Paul.)

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT  
AND ASHORE.

BY REV. G. GOOD-  
ENOUGH, R.N.

We have no doubt, any of us, that "Jack's the Lad."

For if ever fellow took delight in  
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'ne I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.

With my tol de rol, &c.

Certainly Mr. Goodenough believes in Jack, and he



writes of him with ample knowledge and appreciation. This is a book which it is a real pleasure to read, though it is by no means a model piece of literature. It might be better in arrangement, and in parts it is too scrappy. But the heart of the matter is here, the facts are reliable, and, above all, the author rejoices in his subject. He does not present to you pictures of a navy morally swept and garnished, neither does he invite you to consider minor shortcomings. What he does is to give a clear account of a system which produces a set of men of whom the nation may be honourably proud. All through there is the intimate personal touch which gives life to details, breadth to sympathy. How the Handy Man is trained, the routine of his ship, his songs (the above quotation is from one of the most popular of them), what he eats and smokes, drinks and reads, his vocabulary, his weaknesses and his amazing generosity—these matters are all treated with kindness, toleration, and humour. The way they have in the navy is a good way. It works well all round, even with grumblers. A carping marine complained that he'd been given "all the thick of the coffee—all grouts, sir." "Very good," said the officer, "you may have the thin of the soup to-morrow. See that he has, mind, sergeant." That man never made another complaint during the time he was in the company." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

## TITANIA, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY A. S. CRIPPS.

This collection of a hundred pages comprises specimens of the work of twelve years. In 1888 Mr. Cripps was lyric about Titanias, Undines, Perdidas. In 1898 he was pre-occupied chiefly with Christian mysticism in an elegiac vein. The technical qualities of his verse had improved in the meantime. His muse was always modest, austere, and correct, but some of the later and longer poems show dignity and strength, and a rather fine restrained passion. The piece on the Death of St. Francis discloses a certain lofty simplicity of imagination, and a deep sense of what Sir Thomas Browne called "the mystical mathematicks of heaven," which are quite worthy of the theme:

I that in Christ had tasted to the full  
The nails and knotted scourges of the world,  
Now felt the contrary and greater woe,—  
The utmost ache of God's atoning grief,—  
Their bitterness who scourge and drive the nails,  
And bring upon themselves a darker pain  
Than any felt by scourged or crucified.  
Upon my heart gnawed, worse than sorrow of death,—  
Sorrow of selfishness, and cursed my Cross  
With black forsaking of the Face of Love,  
My God, my God, Taou wast forsaking me!

On the whole the religious poems are much the best. The remainder, and especially the sonnets—Mr. Cripps walks even too "circumspectly in that funambulatory track and narrow path"—lack both colour and movement, though there is a song here and there which contains a pretty fancy very neatly expressed. The nine lines on the death of a child—"Early to Bed"—would look well in an anthology. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

## ANO, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY HENRY HOUSMAN.

Mr. Housman, in his preface, ingeniously wards off the remark, *Nec satis apparuit cur versus facit*, which the sarcastic critic might carelessly fling at this little volume. Nevertheless, the implied question is one which Mr. Housman would find it extremely difficult to answer. There is too much of the "yielding-to-the-importunities-of-friends" tone in the author's preliminary observations. More than half the book is occupied with four narratives in verse, none of which is good; the least tedious is "The Four Knights of Sussex," a fairly picturesque elaboration of "some dim recollection of an old nursery story." Mr. Housman is more successful in the very short pieces with

an aphoristic turn to them. There is some tolerable proverbial philosophy in "A Handful of Couplets":

Beauty God makes, and having made it, straight  
The devil steals and uses it for bait,—

One short piece is entitled "Advancing spring hath wintry days":

Advancing spring hath wintry days,  
Ascending paths have downward ways,  
And quickest flights have sore delays.

Tides oft seem ebbing while they flow,  
Spring flowers are frost-nipt ere they blow,  
Returning health ill days can show.

And so on. It is not high passion, but it exhibits an indubitable fact. Spring flowers are frost-nipt ere they blow. (Brighton: W. J. Smith.)

## GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY HELENA SWAN.

Someone inclined that way might write an amusing analytical book about the choice of Christian names, the popularity of some names, the epidemic rejection of others, the localisation of certain names in certain social spheres, and what not. Perhaps the choice of names is a too vast chaos of fad, association, and vanity to be handled. One thing is certain, Christian names are rarely bestowed nowadays for their meaning. The name is chosen, and its meaning is looked up afterwards. Ethel means of noble birth, and one hears it shrieked from an upper window in Leather-lane. Maggie means child of light, and it is probably common among the chainmakers' children at Cradley Heath. Hilda means "battle-maid," and is bestowed by Quakers. Susan means a graceful white lily, and is scorned of flower-girls. Gladys means lame, and "has of late years become popular." Una means "born in famine," and is usually found among girls born in luxury. Such contradictions abound. Another curious thing is the identity of names seemingly widely separated. Alice is a variant of Ethel, and so is Audrey. Yolande is Violet writ fine. Winifred and Gwendolen are one. Miss Swan has done her work very prettily. We only wonder that, taking such pains, she did not give us a special list of names grouped under the headings Hebrew, German, Norse, Saxon, &c., or have arranged her index so. The etymology of each name is carefully declared or surmised, and then its history and the names of its famous owners are given; finally, we have its occurrences in literature noted. Oddly enough, in her diligent search for poetical eulogies of girls' names Miss Swan has overlooked Lamb's sonnet on Edith, which it would surely have suited her purpose to quote. We will present her with it here:

In Christian world MARY the garland wears!  
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;  
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;  
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.  
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!  
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws around!  
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!  
Of MARTHA, and of ABIGAIL, few lines  
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can  
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?  
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?  
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess  
These all than Saxon EDITH please me less.

(Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

LIFE IN SCOTLAND A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES MURRAY.

How many Englishmen know of the existence of the remarkable "Statistical Account of Scotland, 1791-1799," compiled by Sir John Sinclair, Baronet? It is anything but statistically dry, and is repellent to the ordinary reader only in its bulk, which runs to twenty-one large volumes. Sir John Sinclair's idea was to get an account

of each parish in Scotland from its minister; and he practically succeeded. The ministers entered into the scheme with zest, and most of them supplied information far exceeding what the schedule of inquiries contemplated. The result was a huge budget of facts relating to the domestic economy, customs, amusements, superstitions, and education of the people at a time when they were emerging from what we should now be tempted to call barbarism. A good idea of the period may be formed from the simple fact that the Statistical Account—of which Mr. Murray's pages are the whipped cream—abounds in lamentations over the spread of tea drinking and whisky drinking as vices between which there was little or nothing to choose. The disuse of the old Kilmarnock bonnet in favour of hats is frequently noted with regret, as a sign of spreading luxury. The minister of Forres says:

The drinking of whisky instead of good ale is a miserable change, and so likewise is the very general use of tea. These put together have been exceedingly hurtful both to health and morals. It will probably be considered as a pretty curious fact that, instead of two or three teakettles about sixty years ago, perhaps one for the laird, another for the parson, and a third for the factor, there are here now two hundred at the least.

The book abounds with such curiosities, and it will usefully swell that tide of interest in old Scottish life which has risen of late so conspicuously. (Paisley: Gardner.)

A LIFETIME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY SIR JOHN ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.

When the time comes for the great and comprehensive history of South Africa to be written, one of the most useful volumes to which the compiler will turn will be this story of the first Premier of Natal, Sir John Robinson, K.C.M.G. In telling the story of his life in South Africa Sir John Robinson really gives the history of Natal, the colony in which his father settled and in which he brought up his family. Just half a century ago Robinson the elder went out to South Africa, and in November, 1852, started the *Natal Mercury* in partnership with a local printer. The paper was a little weekly sheet, but it seems to have been needed by the young community, for it gradually became a bi-weekly and eventually a daily paper. In 1854 Mr. Robinson became its sole proprietor, and in 1860 handed it over to his son, the future Sir John Robinson, and the first Premier of Natal. In 1863, after a visit to England, the young journalist became a colonial legislator, being returned for Durban. He started with three great cardinal lines of policy, which he adhered to all through his career—Railway Extension, Responsible Government, and South African Union. Responsible Government was granted to Natal in 1893, but in 1887 Sir John Robinson had been chosen by Natal as its sole representative at the first Imperial Conference just before the Queen's Jubilee. It was on this occasion that Sir John was knighted by the Queen. The autobiography is so modestly told that it is really more of a history of the colony than of the writer, but the Minister and the colony were so closely bound up together that, perhaps, this was inevitable. It is interesting to have the opinion of so well-balanced a mind on the Boer War. Sir John Robinson, in a chapter on this phase of South African history, says that everything that he has heard and read since the Bloemfontein Conference broke up makes it more and more manifest that British supremacy was the one thing hanging in the balance, and that the struggle has been a contest for existence between Boerdom and the Empire, between British paramountcy and Republican domination. This pronouncement is of great value at the present time, as Sir John Robinson has had every opportunity for learning the truth, and the calm judgment which would cause him to arrive at a just conclusion. The state of his health unfortunately prevented him from being present at the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, but all

interested in South Africa will be glad to make his acquaintance in these modest and pleasantly-written pages. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.)

THE HOLY YEAR OF JUBILEE. BY HUBERT THURSTON.

The practice of celebrating the beginning of a new cycle is not new or peculiar to the Christian Church. Following her usual policy in the case of things in themselves indifferent, the Church of Rome has adopted and adapted to her own ends and the spiritual welfare of her children the customary rejoicings over the opening century. The Christian ceremony of unsealing that one of the five great doors opening from the portico of St. Peter's into the nave which is kept fast from jubilee to jubilee is generally attributed to Burchard, master of ceremonies to Alexander VI. His first investigations showed that the golden door of Jubilee, of which there was common report, was no door at all; merely "there had been an altar in that place where we thought there had been a doorway." That difficulty was easily circumvented, and pretty soon there was a doorway in fact: "Since the populace had this idea, I was unwilling to disturb a belief that could only foster devotion." With the Pope's formal opening of the *porta santa* begins the observance of the Holy Year, and with the door are loosed the floodgates of the Church's Treasury of Merit for the extinction of the debt of temporal punishment due for sin forgiven. Father Thurston's book is a searching study of what is at the least an extraordinary example of the Church's instinct of conservation. (Sands. 12s. 6d. net.)

The "English Theological Library" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. each volume) is inaugurated by the issue of reprints of the *Sermons* and *Analogy* of Bishop Butler in two volumes. The intention is to issue either complete editions or selected portions of the writings of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with such introductions and notes as may make these works of real service to students, especially those preparing for university and ordination examinations. The volumes are handsomely produced, and the series is furnished with a general introduction by the Bishop of London.

Recitation is not a very popular art among adults; but at school it is both popular and useful. Bell's *Standard Elocutionist* used to be the great collection; but we fancy its knell has been sounded of late years by numerous successors. Among these none is so imposing as *The Public School Speaker*, compiled by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, the Vice-Provost of Eton, and published by Mr. Murray. The greater part of this portly volume is filled with selections from British poetry, drama, prose, and oratory; but the Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian classics have short sections to themselves. We do not quite see merit in the alphabetical arrangement of authors in each section, which places Shakespeare between Lytton and Shelley, and Milton between Mickle and William Morris; but the selection of pieces and the printing are alike admirable.

The verse collected by Mr. Philip Gibbs in *The Troubadour* (Cassell, 1s. 6d.) is intended also for recitation; and it is the editor's belief that many collections of poems for recitation are but ill-adapted for declamation, though beautiful in themselves. And yet to many poems extremely well fitted for recitation, Mr. Gibbs adds Shelley's "Skylark" and Adelaide Procter's "Lost Chord," neither of which seems suitable.

A naïve and engaging autobiography is *Reminiscences of Morris Steinert*. Mr. Steinert is a pianist of considerable repute in America, and a zealous collector of old instruments. In a long and varied career begun in Bavaria in 1831, and continued mainly in the United States, Mr. Steinert has seen men and things worth talking about, and from it all he has deduced the lesson "to enjoy what we have, and to be happy at any cost."



## Fiction.

*The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay.* By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT'S new book prepares a situation from which we would choose to escape, because, in our opinion—admirers of Mr. Hewlett as we are, believers in Mr. Hewlett as we are—it is a failure. A splendid failure; yes; but a failure.

The principal cause of this failure is the author's divided mind. Psychologically Mr. Hewlett's Richard may be true. Richard may have been like that. But a psychological study must be concentrated to have any real force, and in Mr. Hewlett the psychologist and romancer are always at war. During their conflict the story loses force, and the reader is puzzled into something that is often very like fatigue. A man must do one thing or the other, and Mr. Hewlett has tried to do both.

Yet even had Mr. Hewlett suppressed his pleasant, robust, romantic tendencies, and decided exclusively to exhibit Richard as (say) Mr. Meredith exhibits Sir Willoughby Patterne, the attempt would, we think, have been a mistake. It would have been an error in tact—novelists' tact. Because Richard Cœur-de-Lion is essentially a romantic figure to the imagination, a man of action, and a novelist dares too much who would lay bare the machinery of such a character and disturb such an illusion. Indeed, our own advice to Mr. Hewlett would be never to touch history at all. History always means old prejudices and foregone conclusions, and these things take a tremendous discount off the novelist's efforts. In *The Forest Lovers* Mr. Hewlett made his own history, and it was entrancing. He should always make his own history, we are convinced.

And we are not sure but that Mr. Hewlett would do well to cultivate a quieter manner. Nothing is better than sparkling wine now and then, but for steady use the still is best. Mr. Hewlett effervesces all the time. To be sure, no one effervesces better, with more savour and spirit; and there are some excellent pages in this book; but his efforts seem to us a woful waste of superb energy. The total effect is as though a dead steed—or, if you will, dead leopard—were being flogged with every grace and gusto that the art of flagellation knows. "What a consummate whipster!" we say; "but what a singularly deceased animal!"

Mr. Hewlett must take himself in hand, be more single-minded again. For few of our novelists have finer powers than he.

*Chloris of the Island.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated. (Harper Brothers. 6s.)

IF MR. MARRIOTT WATSON had as much imagination as he has fancy, and if his powers of invention equalled his powers of—shall we call it?—contrivance, he would be in a fair way to rejuvenate the dying romantic school. For his literary methods are admirable, and he knows the right word when he sees it. He is a most delicate craftsman, and hates anything less good than his best. With him a sentence is a procession, not a string, of words. The present book shows no new departure. It is in the heroic vein, and Chloris Carmichael, member of a bullying family who on their Cornish isle concocted sundry nefarious schemes in the year 1805, is just such a heroine as we have seen many times before. The first collision of Warburton, the quite satisfactory hero, with the hard-riding Carmichaels is better than anything else in the book, except the very brilliant description of the yacht in the "Gut," on page 60. After the beginning, the intrigue lacks the inventive quality even more than is usual with Mr. Marriott Watson. For instance:

"I pay a double debt, Mr. Warburton," he said, and pulled at the trigger.

At that moment there was a short cry, and out of the interior darkness of the passage stepped Chloris Carmichael.

"You shall not, Nick," she cried angrily. "You are blood-guilty. I will not have you so stain yourself."

"Get you gone, Chloris!" said Nicholas savagely. "Interfere not!"

Dropping the torch she held she sprang at his arm. "Nay, I will be obeyed! I command obedience!" she cried fiercely. "Do you think you have some poor serving-maid to reckon with? Put that down, you mad-man!"

These almost supernatural appearances "in the nick of time" are a device too entirely *fatigued* for the use of a novelist of pretensions—too facile, too inexpensive. The writing is as meticulous, as prettily mannered, as ever. "Gouts of blood . . . distained his cravat." The *National Observer* might be alive again. Sometimes Mr. Marriott Watson exceeds his license, as in, "If these were brothers . . . they were discriminated by a marvellous incongruity." But how infinitely better are even these things than the clichés of the hack!

*Verity.* By Sidney Pickering. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

WHEN, at the commencement of a novel, "a reddening winter sun" is "sending long, level beams across the fields"; when the hero's Christian name is Noel; and he has a "hawk's eye" and "a knack of getting what I want," then the wise reader is fairly sure that that novel will contain a great deal of conventionality and not much original observation. In the case of *Verity*, however, the wise reader, without being wholly mistaken, would have a narrow escape of being in the wrong. Conventional the novel is, and signs of original observation are sadly to lack, but it is far better than most stories about dashing young fellows named Noel—especially considering that the youth's surname is Champneys. Mr. Pickering has somehow given a picture of rural England in the time of the Regency which has a decided effectiveness; and the course of his plot, too, is fresh and even surprising, though the end is not quite convincing in its sudden tragedy. *Verity*, one of five sisters named after the virtues, and child of a hard-drinking, loud-swearing scoundrel of a parson who struck and starved his daughter of twenty-three, and was mixed up with smuggling crimes, is a human enough girl, not at all an angel (as admirers of Noels are wont to be), and she is drawn without the slightest trace of sentimentality. The author has lavished all his sentimentality on a single figure—that of Zadok Tregoeze, the son of the soil who loved *Verity* and died for her. Noel, the *jeune premier*, of whom it is recorded that he kissed two girls in one chapter, is a failure. On the whole, *Verity* is a praiseworthy book. Invented with skill, and written with conspicuous care, it shows a little imaginative power, and a pleasant fancy everywhere. The author is sometimes innocently unfortunate in his phraseology, and he has been content to take several characters at second hand, instead of direct from life.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A VIZIER'S DAUGHTER. BY LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D.

Dr. Lillias Hamilton is known to fame as the lady doctor at the court of the Amir of Afghanistan. This novel, "a tale of the Hazara war," is entirely Afghan. "Every character," says Dr. Hamilton, "is drawn from a model, and should, therefore, as far as it goes, give an

accurate description of one phase, at any rate, of Afghan life." The Chief Secretary, Dr. Hamilton tells us, "is described as he was *then*, not as he is now, surrounded with the luxury of the most refined and cultured intellects in the world." The MS. of the book was shown to the Chief Secretary, wisely, we think, remembering the fate of *Charlotte Leyland*. He read it and said: "I think it very like what I was." What a nice man! (Murray. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS. BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A pleasant, simple story of Irish life, the life that ends in marriage, by an Irishwoman who is three parts poet and one part novelist. Meg, the heroine, was of finer clay than her mother, or, as Bridget put it, referring to some cream cakes she had made, "Not that the mistress 'll know the differ; but Miss Meg's more delicate in the appetite, as is but natural, seein' how the mistress rared her, God help her." Meg married the Captain, and the Epilogue speaks of a nursery. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A ROGUE IN LOVE. BY TOM GALLON.

The author of *Tatterley* has been described as one whose novels have a "distinct Dickensian flavour," and *A Rogue in Love* seems to come under that category. It is a story dealing with that class of life where the characters call each other "mate," and say "fink" instead of "think." Much of it is faintly humorous; but the beginning introduces us to prison and murder: "Matey, 'tain't so bad as that, is it? An' I led yer into it! Ain't there nuffink I kin do?" Of course there was. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LOVE IN OUR VILLAGE. BY ORME ANGUS.

A collection of nine sketches of Dorsetshire village life, from the sympathetic pen of the author of *Jan Oxber*. In a preface Orme Angus explains the thread of continuity that runs through the sketches. The peasant, she maintains, is not dull. "No life can be called dull where there is that supreme desire of man for maid and maid for man." So we are given a series of stories, studies of character and dialect, based upon the love affairs of various dwellers in the village. There are pictures too. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM. BY H. COMPTON.

"It was early in the month of May, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine —" The yarn is told in the first person. Book I. passes in London Town and Kentish lanes; in Book II. we are transported, with the narrator, to Botany Bay: "I would have saved you," said Patty, "but you have rejected me; you shall learn what a woman scorned can accomplish." (Chatto. 6s.)

FROM VALET TO AMBASSADOR. BY PHILIP TREHERNE.

Written in the first person. The narrator begins as a valet and ends as an ambassador to the Court of Mangaboo. We have not been entertained by this valet's progress. The valet in "The Lackey's Carnival" had humour of a kind. Mr. Treherne's gentleman has none. Such a passage as this is just nothing: "Your grandfather, my boy, had all the disadvantages of a public school and university education; you, James, have to suffer for the time-honoured tradition of indiscriminate primogeniture." (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

ALIENS AFLOAT. BY H. E. A. COATE.

"Go where, bo'sun?" asked the elder apprentice in a quiet tone, "to hell, or to sea?" As may be gathered from the above, this is a story of the sea, telling how the British ship *Magic* set sail for Sydney manned by a foreign crew, and what befel her in the Southern Ocean. When Dora and Gregory rose from the surface of the "seething cauldron, locked in each other's arms . . . from out the

heavens a shaft of golden light fell upon them as they swept onward to that life that knows not death." (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

THE WHITE BATTALIONS. BY FRED M. WHITE.

Mr. Fred M. White, if we may be permitted the locution, has "gone it" this time. The cover of his book shows a company of soldiers advancing upon the British Lion, and on page 12 we read: "And then in a moment there flashed out a roar of war, war—France and Russia at the throat of England!" Mr. White writes like this: Example I.—"The City of all Emotions throbbed and palpitated with a fierce knowledge of life. Paris the Gay, Lutetia the Splendid, stood quivering on tiptoe with the garlands in her hair and the singing robes about her." Example II.—"The Cleopatra of the North still lay sinuous in the embrace of the quicksilver Antony of the South." (Pearson. 6s.)

MADAME BOHEMIA. BY FRANCIS NEILSON.

A story of New York Bohemian life by the stage-manager of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and two other London theatres. Mr. Neilson evidently knows the Bohemian side of New York life well—such corners as Guarini's dive, to which we are told Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were wont to repair "for the soup and spaghetti for which Guarini was famous." (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE JOY OF CAPTAIN RIBOT. BY A. PALACIO VALDÉS.

Signor Valdés is a Spanish novelist. Minna Smith is his translator. Sylvester Baxter is his introducer. When the author wrote to Mr. Baxter about *The Joy of Captain Ribot*, he said: "It is a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel." The last two lines of Signor Valdés' masterpiece are:

"Uncle Ribot, I am waiting for you!"  
"I am coming, my girlie, I am coming."

A SCHOLAR OF HIS COLLEGE. BY W. E. W. COLLINS.

A story cast in a somewhat old-fashioned form beginning with pictures of English country life and a venerable type of squire. "All I know is that this d—d schooling cost a pretty penny. More than £500 I have paid for the young rascal already, and there seems to be no end to it." The college part of the book begins at Chapter VIII. with a "rather more than a year later, on a February night, some three weeks after the commencement of the Easter term, four men were standing round the fireplace of a ground-floor room in the back quad of St. Hilary's." (Blackwood. 6s.)

JEAN KEIR OF CRAIG NEIL. BY SARAH TYTLER.

A pleasant domestic story passing, as the title indicates, in Scotland, by an author whose name is well known to the readers of what are known as the rectory public magazines. Jean, aged twenty-two, had neither brother nor sister, and the intercourse between herself and her father was of "an affectionately distant character." (Long. 6s.)

We have also received from Messrs. Sands & Co. four novels by Mr. Charles Garvice. They are entitled *Her Heart's Desire*, *Nance*, *The Outcast of the Family*, and *A Coronet of Shame*, and have had a large sale in America, where, we are also informed, more than 250,000 volumes have already been sold. The scenes in each case are laid in England, and the incidents, dealing largely with English society, are of an exciting character. We have also received from Mr. John Long *The Strength of Straw*, by Esmé Stuart, and *Friendship and Folly*, by Mary Louise Pool.



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Patmore's Philosophy.

IN our review of Mr. Champneys's biography of Mr. Coventry Patmore, we left untouched the large section dealing with his speculative opinions and unpublished fragments. We propose now to give some view of both. Our space, indeed, will not allow us to follow Mr. Champneys in his full and very excellent account of the poet's whole system, but we may give, perhaps, an idea of its central portion.

The whole of his teaching, both in prose and poetry, was based upon the principle that "the things which are unseen are known by the things which are seen"; or, in his favourite quotation from Goethe, "God reveals himself in ultimates." The universe, no less than man, is made after the image of God. But, since things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, it follows that Nature is throughout analogous with man, as both are with God. On this, the system of the Neo-Platonists, Mr. Patmore proceeds, in verse and prose, perpetually discerning in Nature the revelation of man, in man of Nature, of God in both. For his first principles he relies on intuition, which, like all true poets and Platonists, he holds to be a higher reason. Of the ladder of symbols by which he ascends to God and the "choir invisible," the base, to him, is nuptial love. He rightly discerns the mystery of sex as the core of creation—"Which two great sexes animate the world." And nuptial love he considers the image and key of the ultimate relations between God and man. Hence he exalts the sanctity of true marriage, as not opposed to, but a heightening of chastity. Chastity lost can be regained by struggle. "There, of pure virgins seen, Is purer none, Save one, Than Mary Magdalene," he says in one Ode. True marriage is that wherein spiritual union precedes, exalts, and justifies the union of sense. "Bright with the spirit shines the sense, As with the sun a fleecy cloud." It is such marriage alone which is a symbol of the marriage between Creator and creature.

These views explain his life-long devotion to the single theme of sex, which, in his hands, comprises the whole scheme and philosophy of human life. He carried the analogy into literature, art, and even (as Mr. Champneys rightly judges) politics. The method of symbolical interpretation which resulted from his philosophy he applied to the ritual of his church, and to the explanation of Scripture. In this he merely revived a primitive tradition, thrust out of sight by modern Rationalism. There is an example among the fragments in this book where he applies the loss and finding of Christ in the Temple to man's spiritual loss of Christ amidst the cares of business. Finally, he says, the soul finds Him in the Temple, its own *body*. For it is a consequence of the principles we have sketched, that in the study of the analogies of the body man has a key to the knowledge of God, so far as such knowledge applies to his own needs. The poetic beauty with which he handles this method can only be understood in the reading; nor will it be relished by the average Anglo-Saxon, with his terror of imagery. It is a further result of Coventry Patmore's principles

that he holds no men to have been without some truth; and therefore applies his system to the heathen myths, finding in them analogies to Christian doctrine, as did the Early Christians. Hence the abundant allusions to pagan mythology in his poems, never arbitrary, but showing true insight into analogy. The difference between his poems and his prose is strictly the difference between synthesis and analysis. What in the one is condensed in all the splendours of inclusive imagery, in the other reappears set forth with almost scholastic plainness and severity—so far as the difficult subject-matter will admit.

The fragments which are given in Mr. Champneys's biography from his papers or his letters are unequal, especially in the poetical sections, but often contain the quintessence of his spirit, for the not too many who are in sympathy with his peculiar cast of mind. Thus in verse:

Men oft see God,  
But never know 'tis He till He has passed.

Or this very characteristic couplet:

What little, laughing Goddess comes this way,  
Round as an O, and simple as Good-day?

Here is one of his most truculent epigrams:

A bee upon a briar-rose hung,  
And wild with pleasure, suck'd and kiss'd;  
A flesh-fly near, with snout in dung,  
Sneer'd, "What a Transcendentalist!"

The second line of the following is in the poet's most Crashaw-like vein of exquisitely discriminated diction:

Thou'st turned my substance all to honeycomb,  
Each atomy a cell of discrete sweet.

Lovely is the line on primroses:

That touched mine eyes like kisses cool.

Touched with his own grave pathos is this couplet:

Sad as a ship far off at fall of day,  
Alone upon the wide sea-way.

He speaks, with keen observation of natural contrast, about

The baby leaves of aged elms in Spring.

And there is a very fine bit, full of ominous magic:

A cloud-bank pale  
With phantom portent of unhappy peace.

This has the great and singular suggestiveness of his best work. Another couplet has the vignette quality which one finds in Milton's—and Coventry Patmore's—"L'Allegro":

The sunny field of shadowy stooks  
Untied by ambush-fearing rooks.

Finally, we may cite a passage the serenely sweet felicity of which is entirely his own:

As seen from smoky street, the thymy head  
Of some high hill alone with the sweet sun.

To quote the aphoristic and other prose fragments of Coventry Patmore, when they bear on religion, is a more difficult matter; because they are usually intimately concerned with his most recondite spiritual psychology, and are not unfrequently couched in the special terms of his own religion. Thus they would each require a commentary of some length to be made intelligible for average readers. But it is possible to adventure on a few, which shall be given without comment:

A little bone, questioned by the anatomist, remembers  
the whole beast, a million years deceased.

Thy love is an incessant trouble in my breast, like one  
of those little quiet wells where the upheaval of the sand  
never ceases.

Like milk from the kind, impatient breast, so willing to  
feed that, on the approach of the baby's mouth, it waits  
not to be pressed.

Good people and religious are the first to say, "He hath a devil" of any one whose way is widely different from, and may be greatly higher, than their own.

The song that is the thing it says.

That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life or art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In saints this surrender is continual; in poets, &c., it is only in inspired moments.

None can move this world unless he stands upon another.

As the Word of God is God's image, so the word of man is his image, and "a man is known by his speech."

By this you may know vision: that it is not what you expected, or even what you could have imagined, and that it is never repeated.

Then comes a selection, partly from letters, partly from writings for the press, with the difference from those already quoted that they are on secular themes—largely literary. Here there is scarce any need for commentary; yet it may be said of the two first extracts that he did actually acknowledge a power and meteoric splendour in Shelley which it would not be surmised that he confessed from what is here said. Browning, on the other hand, he would not accept as a poet—repelled by his outrages on form. This he held more essential than matter—firmly though he insisted on the latter:

I have been reading Shelley again, after never having looked at him for thirty years. My young impression of him is quite unchanged. Most of his poems—even his most celebrated, as "Prometheus Bound" [Unbound]—is all unsubstantial splendour, like the transformation scene of a pantomime or the silvered globes hung up in ginn-palaces. He is least unreal when he is wicked, or representing wicked people, as in the "Cenci."

Browning has nearly every poetic faculty—except that of writing poetry—in an eminent degree. But as a pie must have a crust, and a good pie must have a good crust, so a good poem must have, not merely worthy contents, but a beautiful exterior; indeed, the external in poetry is of more consequence than the internal.

I have lately read again Morris's poem, "Love is Enough," which you gave me. It is a most lofty and delicate atmosphere of mystic tenderness and joy. I don't know that a poem can have higher praise. But it is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can be expected to understand."

[By this he probably meant that it was beyond the vulgar comprehension. He always maintained his high admiration for this single poem of William Morris.]

There is a good deal [in Coleridge] which is not much worth reading, but when he is himself, that is, in about one-sixth of what he has written, he is quite beyond any modern poet in the power of expressing himself consummately and with apparent ease. Yet he, more than anyone else, always gives me the impression that poetic expression is far from having reached its last development. Language, I am sure, has latent musical powers beyond anything we at present imagine; and if I were twenty years younger, I would set about endeavouring to prove this. Perhaps I may yet do a little in that way.

[His Odes were his contribution to the experiment. But he held that only in a handful had he made adequate use of the metre; and he still cherished vague ideas of further possible refinements in versification.]

It is a common mistake of modern artists—poets, painters, musicians, and others—to think that they are intense when they are only tense. Great intensity is always calm, often gay and playful in its exterior.

I went to see the exhibition of the Blake drawings at the Burlington Club, and they quite confirmed me in my old view of Blake as artist and poet. It was nearly all utter rubbish, with here and there not so much a gleam as a trick of genius. He does not seem to me to have been mad, but only to have assumed a sort of voluntary madness of freedom from convention in order to make himself original. He is, therefore, in a measure original, as any tolerably clever and perceptive mind would become if it chose to pay so ruinous a price for originality. He reminds

me a good deal of that "pet lamb" we had at Heron's Ghyll, who imperceptibly grew into a strong pet ram, and was still called the "pet lamb," until suddenly it dawned on us it was not a lamb at all, but a very ill-behaved ram assuming the airs and privileges of his infancy. So, you remember, we sent him to the butcher's.

The synthetic eye, which is the highest and rarest faculty of the artist, is almost one and the same thing with what is called poetic imagination, and is the source of all artistic beauty. The heather is not much, and the rock is not much, but the heather and the rock, discerned in their living expressional relationship by the poetic eye, are very much indeed—a beauty which is living with the life of man, and therefore inexhaustible. The greater the number of objects that are taken in at once by the poet's or the artist's eye, the greater the beauty: but true poets and artists know that this power . . . can only be exercised, in the present state of our faculties, in a very limited way: hence there is generally . . . a great simplicity in and apparently jealousy of their subjects, strikingly in contrast with the works of those who fancy that they are describing when they are only cataloguing. The power of seeing things in their living relationships which constitutes genius is rather a virtue than a talent. . . . Simply to believe the witness of their own eyes is what few men ever dream of unless such witness happens to have the testimony of common consent. There is, perhaps, more of the innocent vision of ripe genius in English poetry than in all other poetry, ancient and modern put together; and this confers upon English poetry a rhythmical excellence which is not only scarcely ever found in the poetry of any other modern people, but which no other modern people seem to have faculties to comprehend.

The whole of this last passage, which we have abbreviated, is profound and true. Indeed—while we leave to the reader these extracts too varied and question-raising to be summed up—it may be said, in conclusion, that, if the judgments on individuals may often call for caveat and modification, the statements of general principle appear more sound to the roots the more they are meditated. This was characteristic of Coventry Patmore. He is not strong in "appreciation," but in philosophic analysis of artistic law his writings have a quite classic weight and permanence.

#### A FAREWELL.

With all my will, but much against my heart,  
We two now part.  
My Very Dear,  
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.  
It needs no art,  
With faint, averted feet  
And many a tear  
In our opposed paths to persevere.  
Go thou to East, I West.  
We will not say  
There's any hope, it is so far away.  
But, O, my Best,  
When the one darling of our widowhead,  
The nursing Grief,  
Is dead,  
And no dew's blur our eyes  
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,  
Perchance we may,  
Where now this night is day,  
And even through faith of still averted feet,  
Making full circle of our banishment,  
Amazed meet;  
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet  
Seasoning the termless feast of our content  
With tears of recognition never dry.

By Coventry Patmore. Quoted in  
the "Oxford Anthology," by  
A. T. Quiller-Couch (Clarendon  
Press).



## Things Seen.

### One of the Public.

ON my first attempt at public speaking the ordeal was made easy for me. I was allowed to sit, and the audience seemed really eager to hear what I had to say. It was composed of a score or so of earnest men and women, members of a reading circle, and they had gathered in a narrow room to hear me discourse on Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The sight of those intelligent people, each head inclined a little forward, each face lit with encouragement, gave me confidence, and I spoke for an hour and a half, spoke to one person after the manner, I believe, of orators. She was an elderly woman, small and thin, with deep eyes that glowed behind her spectacles. Her ungloved hands showed the marks of toil, her shabby black dress indicated her station, but her soul, it seemed to me, untarnished by her hard life, leapt up to meet my thought. The last clause of the book, that clause which some call the most pathetic passage in literature, telling how "he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Maker," I read to her alone, to her eager eyes, eloquent as an animal's conscious speechlessness. I closed the book, and the little company filed past me, murmuring words of thanks; but she remained behind—which was what I expected. Then she began to talk—how the woman talked!—"I oughtn't to have come," she said; "I oughtn't to have come, for there was a lot to do at home, tidying up, and the lamp to clean. But I always come to a lecture on Shakespeare, or Plato, or Bacon—I don't care who it is—and I thought to-night it was Shakespeare; but the gentleman you have been talking about does just as well. Oh, that poor dear Colonel! I do hope they looked after him in that place; but, you know, I don't very much care whether he died or not. People who die in books don't really die—once I read a book about Black Bess, and that made me cry, because I knew that Black Bess had really died. It was on the way to York, and Dick —, I forget the gentleman's name —" At this point the caretaker turned down the lights, and I escaped.

### On Westminster Bridge.

A FEW suburban worshippers, whose trams had been late in arriving at the terminus by St. Thomas's, were hastening to Evensong at the Abbey.

Two urchins were crossing from Westminster: one looked five, may have been eight, and, judging from his omniscient expression and the patronage he extended to the younger babe, might have been fifty.

He had been impressing the younger babe with historical accounts of New Scotland Yard and of the Abbey, but Three-Year-Old's attention wandered, for just then there passed four or five unhappy-looking demonstrators, whose sashes of green and gold proclaimed to all and singular that they were Free Foresters or Ancient Druids. Three-Year-Old removed his emergency-ration thumb from his mouth, to point it admiringly at the receding band.

"Look at them Awse Gawds!" he said.

Then the Elder Brother spoke. Should he allow the honour of the family to be disgraced by such ignorance and make no protest?

"Awse Gawds! Them Awse Gawds! Listen at 'im. Awse Gawds, fat 'ed!"

Three-Year-Old was subdued. The floods had risen, and only the restoration of the well-loved thumb to its first estate availed to keep them back. But the Elder Brother spoke on. As Lambeth opened its mighty jaws to swallow up the twain, I heard the relentless voice:

"Awse Gawds. Yer must be bawmy, stright! Awse Gawds!"

## The Poloniad.

WE were looking about for a subject when there arrived—for the first time, we think, in this office—the half-yearly volume of *Great Thoughts*. The title struck us. It had never struck us before, but just then it did. Perhaps the multitude of little thoughts on our book-table had something to do with it; or some ripened sense of the frivolity of weekly journalism clamoured for expression. Here, at least, was something the reverse of frivolous. Great thoughts! Not smart paragraphs, not bright, chatty articles, not whispers from the theatres, not up-to-date features, not something to suit all tastes, but great thoughts. Why, they needn't even be great. If only thoughts, how splendid. So we took the volume to the nearest armchair.

And now we know that "the pleasure of knowledge is the use of knowledge" (T. T. Lynch); that "a wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper" (Seneca); that genius is "the highest individual embodiment of an unconscious activity of reason" (Martensen); that imagination is "the first wheel of the soul" (Sibbes); that "the best source of wealth is economy" (Cicero); that language is "the indispensable tool of thought" (Bautain); that "stretching out his hand to catch the stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet" (Bentham); that man is "the incarnation of thought" (Descartes), or "a piece of diseased egotism" (Birrell), and that he is "not simply an example of his kind, nor an individual; but is designed to be a person" (Lacordaire). It seems amazing that the editors of papers like *Truth*, and the *World*, and the *Onlooker*, never record these things. They prattle about society! Society! This is what the editor of *Great Thoughts* says about society. Pray read it aloud:

The great evil of an excessive devotion to society and fashion is the mechanical hollowness and insincerity which it breeds. The relish of existence is destroyed, the glory of the soul is darkened, the splendour of the universe, with all its moral sanctions and godlike possibilities, is dwarfed and hidden, to multitudes of tender and receptive spirits, by the loathsome treachery, the frivolous fickleness, the petty jealousies, and the shallow judgments of that empty and contemptible presence which men call society. Masterful, lawless, and intrusive, it is still destitute of every claim to honour and regard, and every woman who aspires after nobleness should shake its dust from her feet, and go forth beneath the stars to commune with God, and to lay hold of the sanctities of eternity. "Womanhood," as one has finely said, "should be the consecration of the earth." But how can that consecrate which is itself debased and unworthy?

Ye great and little fishes!—how? And note the words: "as one has finely said." Another great nameless thinker! There are cogitators in a large way of business whose tracks are all but covered up in these sumptuous pages under such expressions as:

It has been said.  
It has been well said.  
It has been aptly said.  
It has been finely said.  
It has been nobly said.  
It has been beautifully said.  
It has been exquisitely said.  
It was said of old.

Others are hidden from our sight under such names as Dr. Winchell, J. S. Zelig, Sibbes, Cogan, Robert Tuck, B.A., the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, and Colton. We think of them all as having lofty pale foreheads. They probably pass us in the street, knowing that they have deposited their thoughts in this weekly register, yet, like ordinary people, they go modestly to catch their trains. Who is the being among us who wrote the following thunderous sentences about "The Blight of Atheism"?

The whole spiritual universe is shattered and shivered by the hand of Atheism, into innumerable glittering quick-

silver globules of individual personalities, running hither and thither at random, coalescing, and parting asunder without unity, coherence, or consistency. In all this wide universe there is none so utterly solitary and alone as a denier of God. With orphaned heart—a heart which has lost the Great Father—he mourns beside the immeasurable corpse of Nature, a corpse no longer animated or held together by the Great Spirit of the Universe—a corpse which grows in its grave; and by this corpse he mourns until he himself crumbles and falls away from it into nothingness. The wide earth lies before such an one like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, half buried in the desert sand; the immeasurable universe has become for him but the cold iron mask upon an eternity which is without form and void.

It is only when we have submitted to the surf-beat of this denunciation that we remember that we have never in our lives met an atheist. We have met the word, and we have met one or two young persons who applied it to themselves; but atheists and atheism do not exist, and if they did they could not exercise an hour's consistent influence on any human being. Another unnamed great thinker throws off this about Music:

Wondrous is the power of music, passing that of fabled necromancy. It takes a man out of his most sordid surroundings, and sets him in heavenly places. It touches fibres of the inner nature, lost, forgotten, ignored, and makes them thrill with new life. It seals the eyes to outward sights and unfurls new vistas full of transcendental beauty; it breathes over hot wounds and heals them; it calls to the surface springs of pure delight, and bids them gush forth in an arid desert.

We surmise that this was delivered in undulating accents by a Dissenting preacher in a chapel off, say, the Kingsland-road. And if it took its audience out of that neighbourhood it was not uttered in vain.

To be sure, we find a difficulty in extracting from this budget of good advice and great thinking anything like a trend, a steady sign-post, or an abiding conviction. Our mind reels under the shock of seas of sententiousness. The editor, too, seems to be so occupied in thinking great thoughts on his own account that he does not hold his party in leash. On one page we find Dean Paget bewailing the horrors of war, on another a sketch of "Alfred Krupp, the Cannon King," with a wood-engraved portrait of a peaceable old gentleman whom we should have taken for a Clapham plate-holder. Again, on page 82, our blood is stirred by some thoughts on the "Love of Country" in which we are told that "God has made us Englishmen, and it is His Will that we should do our best for England"; while in a later article, on the "Higher Patriotism," we are exhorted to "beware of the Khaki Bible." We turn to things of which we have a less faint understanding, and alike in literary criticism and descriptions of nature we find the great manner. Of a poem by Mr. John Davidson it is written that "the weird melody of the Celtic genius blows, flute-like, through every line, and the poem is quick with the passion of despair." We have great confidence in Mr. Davidson's prospects as a dramatist, but we should never have thought of saying that "his soul [his soul!] claims kinship with Massinger and Webster and Kit Marlowe. . . . He can crush his lightnings into a lily's bell or sheathe them in a tear." Nature as seen by great thinkers quite transcends the nature that we see during a Saturday-to-Monday, though faint perceptions of it have come to us when passing Mr. Rimmel's shop in the Strand. Thus:

Late in the afternoon the sunlight steals round into the mossy cove on the hillside, where the lovely phantom of the waterfall is hidden, and turns the misty whiteness of the spray to spun-glass and crystal, against its setting of olive-green and golden-green mosses, transfiguring their crimson capsules, each with its pendent crystal drop, into resplendent rubies. The upper part of the fall is still in shadow, but above the green swirl of water cutting the

sky at its head drops of water from the fall over the unseen ledge above sparkle like diamonds against the blue.

It was like a beacon to the storm-tossed mariner (a touch of the manner there!) to see the title, "Learning to Think," at the head of a column. That hit our need exactly. We had felt the need of learning to think great thoughts; and we settled into our armchair to receive the missing lesson of our life. The article began:

Of the thousands who visit Hastings, few are aware that in one of the churchyards of that ancient town there lie buried the remains of one who, in his day, was a great friend of English children. Take the 'bus, which carries you through the quaint and narrow main street of the old town. Stop at the church on your right, where the 'bus leaves the town to go into the country beyond. Enter the churchyard, and in the higher part—for you are upon sloping ground—and near the centre, you will find a regular and unauthorised path, made by the feet of many pilgrims, which threads between the graves. Follow it, and it will lead you to the quiet resting-place of George Mogridge.

He was a writer whose books, forty or fifty years ago, "were to be found in English homes and school libraries all over the land." An excellent man, we are sure, and *Great Thoughts* is an excellent little paper. But we are convinced that great thinking is not our forte.

## Sedulous Apéry.

IN a little red-covered manual, called *English Composition: a Manual of Theory and Practice* (Nutt), Mr. L. Cope Cornford has carried out a dubious project with much intelligence and critical taste. His title is rather misleading. "English composition" is already taught in schools, but it connotes the art of writing clearly and correctly about ordinary matters, and with such elegance as you expect in a good business letter; whereas this book is a manual of the art of writing as Stevenson understood it. Inspired by Continental practice, particularly the French, Mr. Cornford sets out to teach schoolboys to think literary thoughts and write them down with literary force and grace. In its essence and its bulk this book is a guide to such practice, although its earlier chapters on "The Subject" and "The Four Essential Factors of Composition" may overlap, or coincide with, such instruction in Composition as is now generally given. A crucial question is therefore precipitated. Is it well to teach the literary art to English schoolboys? We do not think it is well. The arguments we should urge against such instruction are of a natural kind. It is alien to the genius of the nation. It is not likely to produce fine or very useful results. It is a diversion of the natural energy of a boy into channels which are barely wholesome. It is beset with the difficulty that at every stage in such instruction you find yourself asking the boy to write more than he thinks, or—what is the same thing—to think for writing's sake. These may be "stock objections," but we cannot help that. There are such things as "stock" facts, and we think that the teacher who should try to take his class through Mr. Cornford's course would only run his head against them and be bruised. The literary art, as an art, is absurdly over-valued in these days. Its use and beauty are great only when it is in the hands of a great writer, and there is no evidence that great writers can be produced at will. In this respect literature differs from other professions. Every doctor, however obscure, can set broken bones, prescribe medicine, and alleviate the pains of the dying. But the ordinary writer—what does he do for society? He commonly wastes a great deal of its time, and disorders his own soul. Or, granted that he wreathes in smiles the faces of tired men bending over their evening papers in railway carriages, that he inspires



small talk, promotes wit, and redeems the sordid day—still, in practice it has been found that this work is so alluring or so easy—which you please—that thousands embrace it, and thousands more stand in a melancholy fevered queue waiting to embrace it. We are over-run with ordinary writers, and Mr. Cornford wishes to raise them like sweet peas. We call this a dubious project, but we repeat that Mr. Cornford has forged a likely instrument for tickling the soil.

In essence his book is a consideration, by example, comment, and suggested exercises, of the qualities which should be found in the "five orders of composition," identified by Mr. Cornford as The Story, Description, Dialogue, The Letter, and The Essay. Thus among the examples of Description we are given three attempts to render the force and character of wind, by Roger Ascham, Richard Jefferies, and Charles Dickens. The examples are well chosen, and they form, with Mr. Cornford's commentary, a critical demonstration that will be useful and agreeable to many. But as a matter for the schoolroom we misdoubt it. Mr. Cornford's instructions to the teacher are as follows:

The love of nature is lively, or latent, in nearly all children; in many, it becomes little less than a passion. Let the Subject set be—Seeing the Wind, as Ascham calls it—the wind's action, as manifested in any manner soever; as acting upon trees, or open country, or houses, or the sea. And let the pupil be obliged to make a definite observation of nature with this definite end in view; if possible, writing his notes out of doors, face to face with his subject.

Here the business of Invention is at first to analyse—investigate, take to pieces—the scene under observation; next, in certain cases, to combine and improve; of Selection, to choose those elements that serve to suggest the rest of the picture, and so to convey the whole impression—the effect—it is designed to produce; and of Disposition, to arrange these elements in the order that most vividly conveys the impression; bearing in mind that, as a general rule, the first and last things mentioned, necessarily, by reason of their position, strike the dominant notes in the composition.

Not for worlds would we send boys out into the wind to write about it. Nor would we, with Mr. Cornford, ask them to ape Bunyan in Dialogue, or Lamb in an Informal Essay on the old and new schoolmaster, or Dickens in his rendering of the terrors of "The First Day at School," or Abraham Cowley on "Myself." The main question could be argued at almost any length, and we have little space available, but a passage in Prof. Walter Raleigh's recent inaugural lecture at Glasgow, on "The Study of English Literature," seems to us worth quoting in this connexion. It is the business of Prof. Raleigh to inculcate the taste for literature. Yet he points out with perfect truth, and a procession of instances, that our greatest writers have owed little to the nourishment of schools:

Some writers there are, no doubt, like Matthew Arnold or Cardinal Newman, who are the highest products of academic culture—although even these took pleasure in pointing out the faults and failings of the nursery in which they were reared and in making fun of their foster-mother. But for the most part the greatest of our writers came from less scholarly surroundings. Now it is a small tradesman, familiar with debtors' courts and prisons and the haunts of thieves, a Government spy, a venal pamphleteer, and one of the best prose-writers in the English language, Daniel Defoe. Again it is a country girl who amuses herself by taking note of the visitors at her father's parsonage, of their conversation and their petty foibles, and for her own diversion writes books describing the society that she knows—Jane Austen. Or it is a printer's apprentice who, after the manner of good apprentices, marries his master's daughter, rises to affluence and beguiles his later years with original composition—Samuel Richardson. Or it is a banker—Samuel Rogers. Or a peer and darling of society—Rochester or Byron. Or it is a farmer's son who collects traditional songs and ballads

and exercises his satirical vein in the theological disputes of his parish. Or it is a provincial High Bailiff's son plunged at an early age into the riotous life of the street, the tavern, and the theatre in Elizabethan London. What could a poor Professor of Literature have done for any of these?

The truth is, that even self-discipline such as Stevenson's issues in a talent which, though it may dazzle in its day, may in the end be found to be doubtful and derivative.

Nothing that we have said is intended to discourage literary beginners from using Mr. Cornford's book, which will probably help them in many ways. It will certainly introduce them to the difficulty and endlessness of the literary art, and so enable them to define their ambitions.

## Correspondence.

### "Crossing the Bar."

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Arthur Waugh contends that something is wrong with the version Mr. A. J. C. Hare gives in his *Story of My Life* of the circumstances under which "Crossing the Bar" was written. There is no necessity for me to repeat that version, and the account alluded to by Mr. Waugh, as given by the present Lord Tennyson in his "Life" of his father, is familiar to all. Mr. Hare is undoubtedly wrong as to when the poem was composed, but in what he says about how it was written he receives support from Canon Rawnsley's new volume, *Memories of the Tennysons*.

In the Spring of 1900 Canon Rawnsley was visiting at Farringford. Tennyson was recovering sufficiently from a bad attack of influenza to take short walks, though, as a precaution against any sudden attack of faintness, he never went unaccompanied either by his son or his nurse. One day, when walking with his visitor, Tennyson spoke of the certainty of life beyond, and quoted a verse from his "Crossing the Bar." After finishing the quotation he said: "I wrote that between here and home in a single walk," and he turned to the nurse who was with them and said: "Did I not, nurse?" She replied: "I know it was written down when you got home from your walk."

Canon Rawnsley continues: "It did not seem strange that it should have been so swiftly composed. It reads so simply and inevitably that one can well believe it was written right off, so I said, 'Yes, but then you had been thinking over it for years.' And he answered: 'Well, I suppose the most of us think a good deal—do we not?—of the time when we shall put out to sea.'"

Canon Rawnsley seeks to reconcile the version with that given by Tennyson's son by suggesting that while the thought of the poem might have been given to Tennyson one day when he crossed from Lymm to Yar, the working out of it must have taken place on the walk between the Briary and Farringford.—I am, &c.,

(REV.) R. WILKINS REES.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

### Dr. Bridges's "Opus Majus."

SIR,—In 1897 Dr. Bridges published an edition of Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus*. It was searchingly reviewed in more than one literary journal, and unsparingly condemned for its many textual inaccuracies. Dr. Bridges tried to defend himself, but has now acknowledged the justice of the severity by reprinting one part of the book, and giving a list of corrections for the rest. A few additional notes also appear. For this (which he incorrectly calls a "supplementary" volume) the charge made is 7s. 6d.—the original two volumes costing 32s. Surely the Clarendon Press, who have washed their hands of the book, should issue this volume free to those who were led

to purchase the book because of the esteem in which their name is held. At any rate, Dr. Bridges should do so, in atonement for what he himself confesses to have been "insufficient equipment of expert skill."

J. CALDER ROSS.

### Ada Negri.

SIR,—I have seen from time to time quotations from the work of this Italian poetess, about whom a good deal was written in English papers a year or two ago. I should be very glad if any of your readers can give me a brief connected account of Ada Negri. The following poem by her appears in the *Philadelphia Conservator*, and I should be interested to know whether it was written in English or whether the following is only a translation from the Italian. I fancy that you may not object to print the whole of the verses for their own sake. They have no title.—I am, &c.,  
Bedford.

H. T. T.

The verses to which H. T. T. draws attention are as follows:

Yea, there are hundreds, thousands, millions more,  
Unending hosts there are.  
The serried ranks are muttering like the roar  
Of thunder from afar.

And they advance, chilled by the icy air,  
With even step and slow.  
They're clad in sackcloth and their heads are bare,  
Their eyes in fever glow.

All, all united, as if seeking me—  
Grey forms, by suffering bowed,  
Of surging waves a turbid, troubled sea,  
Of faces wan a crowd,

Covering, imprisoning me, they press around,  
Their hoarse breath fills my ear,  
Their long-drawn sobs and sighs—oh, woful sound—  
Their blasphemies I hear.

"We come from houses where no fire glows,  
From beds where rest is not,  
Where, broken, tamed, the body slowly grows  
Accustomed to its lot.

We come from caves and dens, from chambers low,  
From many a dark retreat,  
Shadows of peril and of pain we throw  
Wherever tread our feet.

And we sought faith that to ideals cleaves,  
Alas! we were betrayed;  
And we sought love that hopes and that believes,  
Alas! we were betrayed.

And work we sought that gives new life and strength,  
Only repelled to be.  
Where then is hope? Oh mercy! Where is strength?—  
The world's defeated, we!

In the great flood of sunshine's golden light  
All round us and above  
Bursts forth upon the air in joyous flight  
A hymn of work and love.

An iron snake the steam-train thundering winds  
Through towering mountain-wall,  
And industry is summoning arms and minds  
With warlike trumpet-call.

A thousand mouths each other seek, enticed  
By love's intent desire;  
A thousand generous lives are sacrificed  
In glowing furnace-fire.

And we are useless!—Who has thrust us, who  
On this stepmother earth?  
Who has denied us every wish we knew,  
Yes, from our very birth?

What unknown power with hostile hand does reign  
And will not let us free?  
Why does blind fate cry out to us: In vain?—  
The world's defeated, we!

### Natural Law in the Cycling World.

A few weeks ago a party of cyclists were riding down Barnet Hill. One of them fell, and died within a few days from his injuries. His offence was foolishly riding too fast down a hill.

SIR,—Permit me to take exception to the above (cut from your review of Huxley's life, page 460). Your facts are wrong.

The cyclist was not travelling too fast; he was going at a moderate pace. The cause of the fatality was a stone drain-cover which stands up from the surrounding surface of the road, and the fault lies with the local authority in not keeping the road in proper repair.

The immediate cause of the accident was side-slip, which occurs frequently in the streets to the most moderate riders. I know men who ride fast to avoid side-slips on greasy roads. This is a form of accident which we cyclists have very little power to prevent. It may, roughly speaking, be attributed to the faults of others, not to the sufferer.

Perhaps you will say this does not affect the argument: the thesis remains, though the "law" is shifted from the cyclist to the local authority. But before I admit that I want you to acknowledge that you were prejudiced; and that the expression of it gives pain to the readers who knew the cyclist. A man who meets with his death through the criminal negligence of others should not be condemned as "foolish."

There is no finality in speed. Our ancestors crawled, our fathers walked, we cycle. Notwithstanding what each has thought of the other, there is a law of progress. A cyclist cannot be foolish because he goes too fast. He cannot go too fast. The natural "law" will stop him from doing that; but the natural law does not manifest itself in neglected drain covers.

You may, on Huxleian lines, say, perhaps, that the man who elects to go fast must increase in adequate degree his faculty of caution, and the law that prevents accidents must be stronger in him. His sense of sight must improve. But one of my cycling friends (a most cautious man) was recently thrown at night under similar circumstances.

There undoubtedly is law behind all accidents; but, when you invoke it, please put the blame on the guilty cause instead of the innocent victim; otherwise, as in this case, you may fall unconsciously into prejudice. You are prejudiced against speed in a form of motion which is undoubtedly a great factor in present-day progress. Men who rode ten miles an hour ten years ago are now riding twenty, and will in ten years hence be riding thirty: and it will be regarded as quite reasonable. The man who was killed was riding seventeen. (I am a cyclist and do Barnet Hill very frequently.) Prejudice is not becoming in a reviewer of Huxley's work. His shade might resent it.—I am, &c.,  
E. B. RIDGWAY.

The Bank House, Wood Green,  
November 18, 1900.

[Mr. Ridgway's imputation of "prejudice" is absurd. We print his letter, as he evidently knows all the facts of this unhappy accident; but we do not think that his statement affects our argument.]

THE approach of Christmas is authenticated by the arrival of the Christmas numbers. Messrs. Pears' Annual is composed of a spirited last century story in seventeen chapters by Mr. Max Pemberton, and three pictorial supplements, of which the largest, "The British Lion," from the original painting by Vastagh Gezah, is a good piece of colour-printing, and an admirable picture for the walls of a nursery.



## Our Weekly Competition.

## Result of No. 61 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most suitable words to be inscribed on the beacon-tower raised to the memory of William Black on Duart Point, on the west coast of Scotland. The inscriptions suggested are not very remarkable, but we award the prize to Miss (?) C. C. Bell, Epworth, C. S.'s inscription would have had an almost as good claim to the prize if, instead of "the hardy toiler of the northern deep," he had written "seafarers":

In memory of William Black, the home of whose genius was this coast of Scotland, the scenes and characters of which he portrayed in many a story of undying interest, this tower is built, and this lamp is lit; a guide and a sign to the seafarers whom he loved.

Other suggestions are as follows:

To the memory of William Black, novelist, this tower has been erected, amid scenes whose beauty and terror he described with equal power and felicity; that, in death as in life, he may remain a constant friend to the hardy toiler of the northern deep.

[C. S., Lochfyne.]

To William Black, whose name we would fain save from being "writ in water," by memorialising it in this beacon: which beacon shall be famed abroad as a light and guide to all mariners sailing these seas, even as his books have carried far the renown of our Western Highlands.

[A. M. P., Hampstead.]

In life he filled us with delight,  
Weaving a web of fancies bright;  
In death his mem'ry comes to guide  
Poor wanderers o'er the heaving tide.  
Oh, happy fate! In life to charm,  
In death to shield his friends from harm!

[M. A. B., Camberley.]

He loved the sea, and the heather,  
And the people of the north,  
And the old songs of the Gael.

[A. W., Tonbridge.]

This beacon has been raised as a memorial to William Black, on the coast of the land he so faithfully describes, by those whom his genius has illumined and taught, and who wished to throw a guiding light for men over the sea he loved so well.

[E. L. C., Redhill.]

To William Black, whose best novels were inspired by a devoted love of Highland life and scenery, this landmark, and memorial of his unchangeable affection, was erected for the benefit of Highland fishermen.

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

In life he loved this country-side,  
Here let the memory of him dwell,  
A tower to be the fishers' guide,  
Across the waters: All is well.

[H. M. G., London.]

Erected to the memory of William Black, novelist, who by the creation of fictitious characters has done so much towards the perfection of the real characters of his readers.

[E. P., London.]

Replies also received from: E. H., Ealing; T. C., Buxted; R. H. S., Fulham; F. G. C., Hull.

## Competition No. 62 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best Literary Riddle. All riddles must, of course, be accompanied by their answers.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

## Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. have arranged with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for permission to use Edward FitzGerald's translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* in their edition of this work, which will be characterised by a full commentary on each stanza by Mrs. H. M. Batson, and a biography of Omar by Prof. Ross.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to publish the first volume of *The History of the Boer War*, by F. H. E. Cunliffe, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. This volume carries the war to the Relief of Ladysmith.

OWING to the success of the new pocket edition, on thin paper, of the late Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Messrs. A. & C. Black have decided to issue a similar edition of the *Waverley Novels* in twenty-five volumes. The first two volumes—*Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* will be published on December 1, and two volumes will be issued monthly thereafter until the set is complete in November, 1901. Each volume of the new pocket edition of the *Waverley Novels* will have a photogravure frontispiece, and will contain the late Dr. Laing's copyright notes, as well as Messrs. Black's copyright corrections and emendations, obtained by careful collation with Sir Walter Scott's own interleaved copy of the *Novels*, which has been long in their possession.

*The Relation of St. Paul to Contemporary Jewish Thought*, now published by Messrs. Macmillan, to which was awarded the Kaye Prize in 1899, is an essay by Mr. St. John Thackeray.

*The Divine Love*, by the Rev. Charles Abbey, published by Macmillan & Co., is a study of Christ's sayings on judgment and condemnation.

MESSRS. WATTS & Co. are about to publish a new work by the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, Vicar of Hoxton, well known as "The Radical Parson." The book is entitled *Christ in London*.

A LARGE-PAPER issue of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's edition of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," limited to 125 copies, each numbered and signed by the artist, is to be published by Mr. Grant Richards. Many of the illustrations are in photogravure and in duplicate.

H.M. THE QUEEN has just accepted from Mrs. Mayne Reid an advance copy of *The Life and Adventures of Captain Mayne Reid*, which will be published this week by Messrs. Greening & Co.

Two new volumes in Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-Day" series will be published next week. These are *Bret Harte*, by T. Edgar Pemberton, to which Mr. Bret Harte has contributed a prefatory letter, and *Swinburne*, by Theodore Wratislaw.

MISS HELEN MILECETE, the author of *A Girl of the North*, has just returned to London from Canada in time for the publication of her new novel, *A Detached Pirate*, which, by the way, has been published in America, with very great success, under the title *Miss Vandeleur—Pirate*. Miss Milecete is now engaged on two new novels, one of which will be published in the spring.

MR. HEINEMANN announces a new "Dooley" book with the title of *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy*. Among the great variety of subjects discussed are Marriage and Politics—The Servant Girl Problem—The Future of China—The American Abroad—The Paris Exhibition—Alcohol as Food—Anglo-American Sports—The Negro Question—The American Stage, &c. The book will be fully illustrated and will have as a frontispiece a portrait of Dooley in colours by William Nicholson.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS announce for immediate publication a sacred anthology of prose and verse entitled *Flowers of the Cave*. The editors are Mr. Laurie Maguire and Mr. Cecil Headlam, whose volume of *Prayers from the Poets*, published by the same firm last year, is now in its second edition.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. announce for immediate publication a new contribution to turf history, entitled *Ashgill; or, The Life and Times of John Osborne, Jockey, Trainer, Owner, and Breeder of Thoroughbreds*, by J. B. Radcliffe. The work will treat of the interesting career of John Osborne ("Honest John") the doyen of North-country horsemen from 1846 to 1892. It will contain over thirty illustrations, consisting of portraits of jockeys, trainers, horses, &c., besides family groups, and views of Osborne's residence.

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